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"The Nation's Reading Habit

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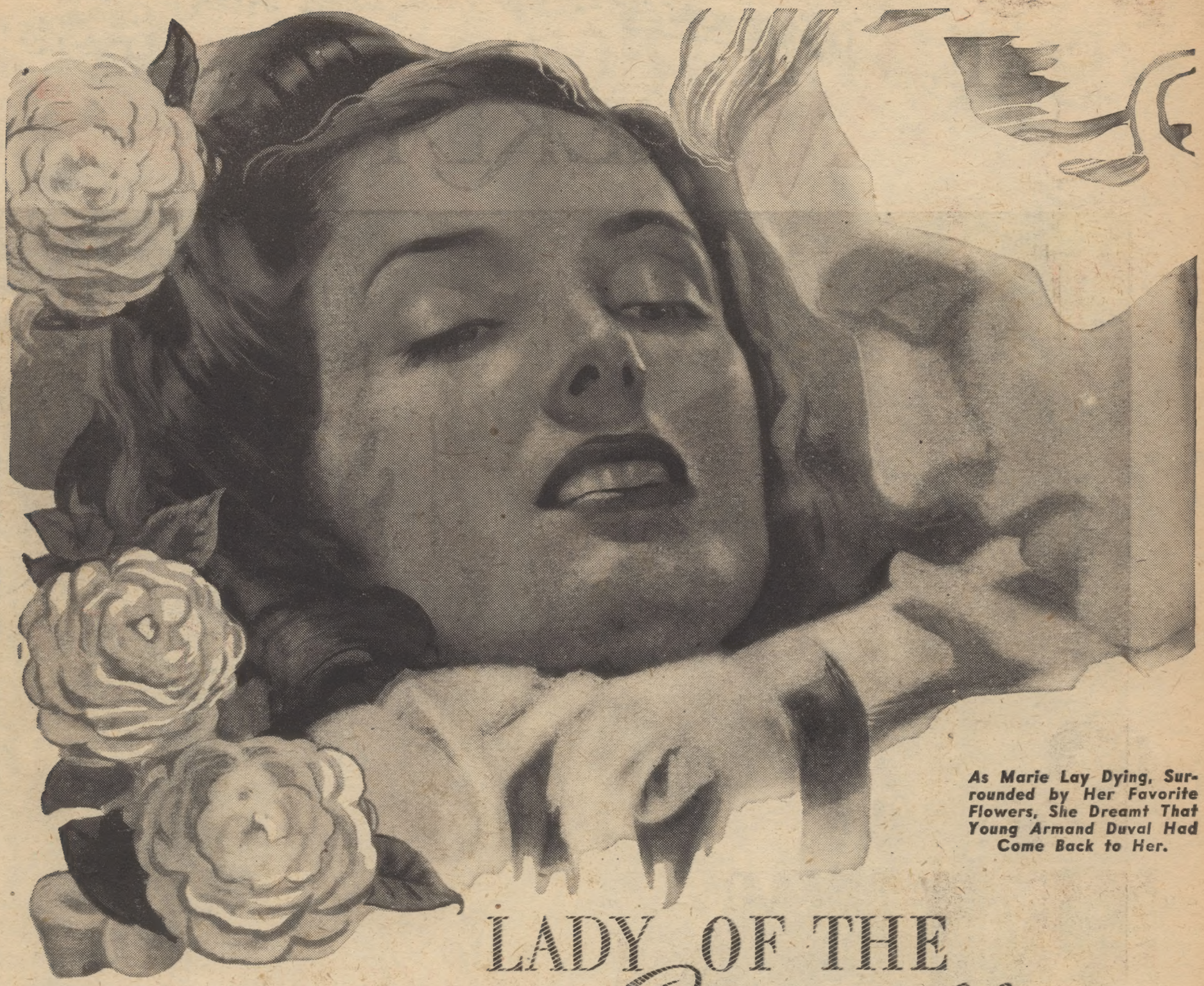
Painting by Willy Pogany

Temptations of Ulysses

Nausicaa's Plan

READ STORY ON PAGE 26



As Marie Lay Dying, Surrounded by Her Favorite Flowers, She Dreamt That Young Armand Duval Had Come Back to Her.

LADY OF THE *Camellias*

For 100 Years No One Knew Who Provided the Flowers That Decorated the Tomb of the Beautiful Marie Duplessis, Immortalized in a Novel, Play and Opera

By Alma Lind

NO ONE would have thought of giving a flower to Alphonsine Plessis when she was a tired, motherless child of 13 toiling over her ironing board in the steamy laundry shop of Mme. Toutain, where she had been apprenticed by her worthless father.

The mystery of the white camellias that puzzled all Paris came later—much later—when a silent stranger placed a bouquet of the fragrant, satin-petaled blooms on the tomb of Marie Duplessis, most romantic and talked-about French beauty of the 19th century.

Not once, but continuously for 100 years, flowers were brought to decorate the carefully tended Montmarte grave. Yet, until the recent centennial of Marie's untimely death, no one ever knew the identity of the donor.

Marie Duplessis, as everyone was aware, was the little laundress grown up to a way of life even Alphonsine's childish loneliness could not have envisioned.

She also was the original for the fabulous character, Marguerite Gautier, the "Lady of the Camellias," in the Alexandre Dumas novel and of the play "Camille," where the title role was portrayed by the great Sarah Bernhardt.

In this story, known and loved the world over, young Armand Duval falls in love with Marguerite's unique beauty, though he knows she has shared her life with counts, dukes, and perhaps even princes before him.

The new and pure love Duval awakens in her fills her with horror at thought of her past life. She persuades him to go with her to the country, where she believes, they can be happy together and forget.

Armand's scandalized father secretly prevails upon Marguerite to break off this liaison.

Love for Duval prompts her to promise and suddenly return to her old haunts and old intrigues with no explanation. Her dissipation is reckless, her heart heavy; Armand despairing because of her faithlessness, leaves the country.

Before his return the tuberculous Marguerite dies, and not till then does he learn the truth.

Marguerite, like the real-life Alphonsine or Marie, was only a girl in her early 20's when she died. Dumas presents the most glamorous side of her seamy life, probably because, by his own confession, he was in love with her.

At the age of 14, Alphonsine's father introduced her to an old bachelor friend named Plantier and left her to live in his home, near the village of Saint-Germain.

When she ran away from this elderly and unwanted suitor and got a job as chambermaid in an inn, her father interfered again and took her to Paris.

She got a job in a modiste's shop; then graduated to a commonplace flat, provided by an equally commonplace restaurant owner.

The association apparently didn't last long.

It was Nestor Roqueplan, a well-known writer and theatrical manager of the day, who paused one chilly evening to look at an ill-clad, cameo-faced girl of about 17 as she stood eagerly eyeing some sizzling fried potatoes on the other side of a windowpane.

He bought her the coveted food. Unlike most of the men Alphonsine had met, he didn't make any overtures, but he never forgot her face.

Its oval beauty startled him, months later, in a fashionable drawing room where great ladies looked with envy at the charming girl, whom the Duc de Guiche-Gramont introduced as Mlle. Marie Duplessis.

Illustrated by MODEST STEIN

The pathetic and tawdy day of Alphonsine Plessis was past; Marie Duplessis, wise in the ways of a world that never had treated her kindly, was starting on her conquest of luxury and many noble admirers.

One of these, a wealthy count, started his courtship by sending her a mysterious looking parcel with no card.

The parcel was no disappointment to the girl whose extravagances kept her constantly in debt. It contained 12 oranges, each wrapped in a 1,000-franc note.

Though the count turned out to be uncouth, Marie accepted his attentions until one evening he made the mistake of laughing too long and too loudly at the opera.

Marie's second love was gambling, and it was this sport that led to her association with the old duke who in the play, was rival to the young Armand Duval.

It was love of racing that brought Marie her sportsman husband, Count Edward de Perregaux, but this, her only marriage, didn't last.

Little is known of Marie's romance with the Hungarian composer, Franz Liszt, which came near the end of her young life.

Alexandre Dumas said that, in writing the story of Armand Duval, he was relating his own experience. In immortalizing Marie as Marguerite, he was immortalizing his own love.

Dumas also was responsible, directly or indirectly, for the mysterious and perpetual gift of flowers, according to a recent revelation by a sentimental Frenchman, who claims that members of the Hauterive family, descendants of Dumas, are the ones who decorate the grave.

Was it Dumas, himself, who left the first puzzling bouquet and thus set the stage for a drama with at least a century-long run?

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Extra wax on Betty Crocker Cereal Tray packages guards against air that steals freshnces. Each of the 10 individual packages inside is sealed until time to eat. Hundreds of General Mills merchandisers check freshness in stores constantly.

Jack Hogin

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EASY WITH Betty Crocker SPLIT PEA SOUP!

Hearty, substantial. Green split pea soup with that long-simmered goodness. Ready in five minutes! Simply add package contents to water, or milk, and cook five minutes. Made with milk, an especially fine body-building food for children. Try the Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup.

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Soup-kettle good! Rich flavored, thick and satisfying in texture. Real old-time split pea soup. Ideal for lunches served at home. And quickly prepared to go in vacuum bottles for school lunch boxes.

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He remembered her in his will

At First the Rich Man's Secretary Didn't Believe Her Good Fortune—and Inherited a Headache

By Warren Hall

ALTHOUGH he had three-quarters of a million dollars and no family, Abram Barker devoted little thought to making a will until, as he was nearing 80, he had a mild stroke.

Then, in little more than a year, he made and executed three of them. The last one left his entire estate to his housekeeper but a court decided the other day that he was unduly influenced. The decision gave his estate to three nieces and Brown University.

Barker was 84 when he died in November, 1945, in Coral Gables, Fla. He was born in Tiverton, R. I. He graduated from Brown in 1883 after having been president of his class and a brilliant language student. For a while he was a broker, then a banker in Seattle, Providence and New York. When he was 23 he married a girl who, he said later, "lived with me three years and deserted me."

He moved to Coral Gables in 1928 to retire on a modest fortune, but used it instead to buy real estate during the depression. During the will fight, a long parade of Miami realtors testified somewhat ruefully to his shrewdness in trading, even during his last few months.

While he was writing a check in February, 1940, he suddenly dropped the pen and moaned: "I can't see!" He was taken to a hospital, where doctors decided he had had a "cerebral episode."

His first will, drawn up while he was in the hospital, provided that the income from half his estate should go to his sister, Ellen Frye Barker, a New York genealogist. The income from the other half was to go to Phyllis F. Barker of Boston, Margaret B. Welsh of Fall River, Mass., and Clarissa B. Slade of Barrington, R. I., daughters of a deceased brother. On the deaths of these heirs, the entire amount was to be used to put worthy students through Brown.

When he returned home from the hospital, Barker found his financial affairs so confused that he decided to hire a secretary. Mrs. Wilma Hatch Lee, an attractive brunette in her early 40s, got the job. After a few months she moved into his home with her third husband, James Leonard Lee, a retired promoter.

Before long Barker's sister received an anonymous letter which, it developed later, was written by Miss Frances Fryar, a middle-aged Miami teacher who met Barker in 1928 and said she became engaged to him in 1929. The missive deplored the hold "two strangers" were getting on the old man. Miss Barker wrote several letters to her brother, one of which said in part:

"Why should you discharge your nurse and let into your home a medically-untrained couple whom you have known only a few months? You know the 1928 blackmailing case was engineered by a wife who flattered you. Now take warning—no man or woman is going to spend time or affection on a feeble, unrelated man, who will be 80 years old next month, unless there is money to be grabbed."

Attorneys for both sides in the subsequent will fight said no other mention had been made of the blackmailing case, that it apparently was "a strict family secret."

Barker had already signed a second will, containing virtually the same provision as the first but changing his executor. After receiving the letters from his sister, which he said annoyed him, he drew up a third, cutting off his sister and nieces with $10 each, giving $5,000 to his handyman and bequeathing the remainder to Mrs. Lee. Miss Barker died a year before her brother.

The secretary, who had also become his housekeeper and nurse, was supposed to receive a salary of $150 a month but drew none of it until she had repaid with interest a $3,000 loan that Barker had made to her husband.

"He insisted on that," she testified later, "but he was very generous with gifts."

Although Lee was named specifically as the one who induced the financier to change his will in Mrs. Lee's favor, he wasn't scheduled to receive any more than the $3,000 he already had obtained. One evening in 1943 he quarreled with Barker at the dinner table and left the house in a rage. His wife refused to accompany him and a divorce resulted.

"I stayed because I had what I considered a good position and I also had a home, which I never had before," Mrs. Lee explained, during the lengthy court battle which took place following Barker's death and the filing of the third will for probate in Miami.

In court, Mrs. Lee heatedly denied she had remained because she feared she would lose her grasp on the old man's property.

"I didn't expect anything," she insisted. "When he said 'I'll remember you in my will—I'm leaving everything to you,' I said 'I don't believe you.'"

Counsel for the nieces and the university, who were suing to substitute the second will for the third, made much of a statement attributed to Barker that his latest testament was "temporary."

Two doctors who had examined the testator at the time he made the third will testified that his mind was sound, and a psychiatrist came to the same decision after listening to a 4,000-word hypothetical question. On the other hand, Barker's personal physician said his mental condition was not clear after the stroke.

Probate Judge W. Frank Blanton ruled that "the drafting of said will was surrounded by rather unusual and suspicious circumstances" and that "by reason of his weak and dependent condition, he (Barker) was rendered suggestible and easily susceptible to undue influence." He threw the will out. Mrs. Lee said she would appeal.

When Mrs. Lee's Husband Quarreled With Barker and Left the House—His Attractive Wife Chose to Remain With Her Aged Employer.

Illustrated by
E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

NO LAW AGAINST SNORING

Many a Wife Has Sought Divorce, Charging Cruel and Inhuman Treatment When Her Husband Drove Her Frantic With His Snoring.

Your Nocturnal Symphonies May Be Driving Your Neighbors—and Your Spouse—to Despair, But This Irritating Habit Is Perfectly Legal

By Irmis Johnson

COMFORTING confirmation of the familiar though sometimes dubious tenet that a man's house is his castle was furnished recently by a deputy city prosecutor of Los Angeles when he solemnly declared:

"A private citizen may snore with immunity in his own home, even though he may be in possession of unusual and exceptional natural ability in that particular field."

The question came up for a legal ruling when Mr. and Mrs. Wilson E. Carr of Pasadena, each worn to a frazzle by what seemed like an eternity of sleepless nights, lost the last shred of their patience and called the police.

When a policeman arrived he was implored to abate the noise coming from the apartment above, where Glenn Allen and his wife (according to Allen's later comment) were snoring in peaceful disharmony.

"For a year and a half we have been disturbed," the distraught Carrs explained. "When the man upstairs snores it sounds like a machine shop in full action. We both work days and the only sleep we can get is in cat naps and on weekends when we go to our mountain cabin."

When the officer, who had never handled that kind of disturbance before, called on Allen, the offender readily admitted that he knew he snored and said his wife did too.

"Besides," he added, "snoring runs in my family."

But there was nothing in the police code upon which the officer could act.

So he advised the Carrs to take their complaint to the city prosecutor. After thumbing through his law books, Byron Gentry, deputy city prosecutor, said:

"The penal code of the state of California, Section 415, reads in part as follows: 'Every person who maliciously and wilfully disturbs the peace and quiet of any neighbor or person by loud or unusual noise, or by tumultuous or offensive conduct...is guilty of a misdemeanor.'"

It was decided, however, that Glenn Allen's snoring was neither malicious nor wilful.

"The law long has recognized man's immunity from punishment for the physical manifestations of his sleeping body," Gentry continued. "Are we now to conclude that he is any more culpable for its sound effects?"

Again his opinion was no, so the complaint was dismissed.

It can be of little comfort to the Carrs to know that approximately 16,000,000 other men and women in the United States snore nightly and bring upon themselves a wide variety of consequences.

In Astoria, N. Y., for instance, a frightened snorer appeared before a Queens assistant district attorney and said:

"I am going to a doctor in a hospital in New York for some time now for treatments, but the doctor tells me it will take time to cure me. The people near my house won't listen to my story. They threatened to kill me because the snoring does not stop."

This particular disturber of nocturnal peace and quiet was advised to ask the police to tell his neighbors to be patient until such time as medical science found a way to cure him.

Members of the medical profession pointed out that no great and universally applicable snore cures have yet been devised.

Most snores are caused, nose and throat experts explained, by the fluttering of the soft palate at the back of the throat. It flaps in a flag-waving motion when air currents, entering through the sleeper's mouth, strike it. The pitch of a snore depends on how fast or how slow this motion is, how tightly or loosely the flexible tissue is held.

Sometimes it is the key in which a snore is rendered that makes it so annoying; sometimes it is the loudness which is irritating.

Some cures, and some toning down of the disagreeable sounds have been accomplished, according to recent reports, by means of injections of a substance called sylnasol into the soft palate and the little appendage called the uvula, at the back of the throat. The fibrous character of the scar tissue that results makes the palate and its supporting structure stiffer and less likely to vibrate.

Sometimes, however, snoring is caused by an obstruction in the breathing passages. This calls for surgical intervention of a different kind, and some advances have been made in nose and throat operations that improve the air chambers.

Snores have landed many an otherwise worthy husband and wife in the divorce courts, and they landed Mrs. Goffredo Galluzi in the emergency ward of a hospital.

When her engineer husband no longer could stand her odd combination of whistle and wheeze he invented a "snoremeter" which resembled a dog muzzle. On the inside there was a slender brass blade that supposedly would ring a bell when Mrs. Galluzzi's breathing reached snore pitch.

When Goffredo heard nothing an hour after his wife had retired he went to her bedside and found that she had swallowed the gadget that was supposed to ring the bell.

Mr. Galluzzi didn't need to be told that his wife had a legal right to snore; after her recovery her alternately high and low-pitched rumbles were music to his ears.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

While the Actress Admired Herself With the Hope Diamond Around Her Neck, Her New Role as Lady Francis Hope Could Not Conquer Her Passion for the Stage

Illustrated by
WILLIAM
ROSE

Tragedies OF THE Stage

MAY YOHE'S LAST BOW

By Gene Coughlin

PROUD and watchful mothers of the other young entertainers sighed with relief as they studied the pudgy little girl standing behind the flickering candles that served for footlights. Certainly there was no competition here!

Her dress was pretty enough, and why shouldn't it be? Wasn't her mother, with Narragansett Indian blood in her veins, the best dressmaker in Bethlehem, Pa.?

But the girl—well, her skimpy hair was nondescript in color, and a scrawny pigtail had flopped forward over her shoulder to ruin the pattern of the dress.

The face was too wide, the other mothers decided, and the eyes—

"They actually point out!" somebody whispered. "Like a horse's."

"They just don't stay put," another opined.

Then 10-year-old Mary Augusta Yohe opened her mouth and began to sing. The audience, packed into the clapboard schoolhouse, forgot the pigtails, the face and the eyes as she poured forth her song; not in the shrill birdlike notes of a schoolgirl, but in a throaty contralto, stressing four low notes with a richness none in the audience had ever heard before.

Thus was May Yohe's voice unveiled; a voice that, with her flashing, wandering eyes for accompaniment, was to win her a title and the right to wear the fabulous Hope diamond; that was to win her the privilege of calling a future King of England by his first name.

It was a voice that made her the toasts of two continents; lifted her to the heights of happiness and, as it faltered, dropped her into the depths of despair. It did things to men.

That first audience in the Bethlehem schoolhouse decided her future while she was still taking bows, her pigtails flapping.

"We got to send her to Europe," a miner said. "She's got to have the best teachers. Why, folks, we got a miracle here!"

First, they changed her name from Mary Augusta to May Yohe; Mary Augusta being too commonplace for the girl who was going to be a grand opera star. Then the subscription list was drawn up, with most the members of the community contributing from their wages as steel workers and miners.

THE schoolhouse debut occurred in 1879. Two years later, May was in Paris, properly chaperoned, and studying for an operatic career.

With a different temperament she might have become a star in grand opera, but May Yohe had a mischievous disposition that couldn't be changed, even if she had wanted to be serious. She studied—but between lessons her pranks won her the title that was to stay with her for a lifetime—Madcap May Yohe.

In her middle teens she came back to the United States and horrified her parents and her hometown sponsors by joining a burlesque show in Pittsburgh, as a chorus girl!

It was a short-lived engagement. After a few months, the repentant madcap yielded to the pleas of her friends and made her operatic debut at the Temple Theatre, Philadelphia.

"Opera is mighty fancy," May said after her debut, "but it's not for me. Now, you take minstrel shows—"

She took minstrel shows for a while and then, in 1887 at the age of 18, she found what she wanted—the lead in an extravaganza called "The Crystal Slipper."

May, her wandering eyes and her haunting voice combined to make the production a success in Chicago for several weeks.

And then Madcap May Yohe lived up to her title again.

She ran off to Buffalo with Ely B. Shaw, son of a wealthy Chicago trader. Private detectives found her in New York City and persuaded her to return to Chicago, alone, for two reasons, one being that Shaw already had a wife; the second was that the show needed her.

The episode didn't hurt her popularity. She toured North America for several seasons and then invaded England.

London critics were appalled when they heard her sing for the first time.

"The voice," said one, "is strikingly like a fog horn at times."

May laughed throatily and went on singing her favorite number, "Honey, Ma Honey." No. 2 in her personal hit parade was a song entitled "What Can a Poor Girl Do?"

There were times when the too obvious snubs of London society hurt her deeply, but her spells of depression didn't last, especially after the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, let it be known that he liked her.

Gossips of the times said he called her "Maysie" and she called him "Eddie"—and made him laugh.

SUITORS didn't seem to care whether she was socially acceptable, and Francis Hope was one of these.

As plain Mr. Hope he wooed her for some time before she learned he was Lord Francis Hope, heir presumptive to the rich Duchy of Newcastle.

"I won't hold that against him," May chuckled.

His older brother, the Duke of Newcastle, fought the match as best he could from his wheelchair. He offered Francis a million dollars to forget Madcap May, but it was too late. They were married, secretly, on Nov. 27, 1894.

Lord Francis Hope took his bride to the historic family manor, dug into the treasure chest, and came up with the Hope diamond, a blue stone of 44½ carats valued, at that time, at $100,000.

The diamond was supposed to have brought bad luck to all of its owners since 1642 when, according to semi-official history, it was stolen from the Hindu temple of Rama. Madcap May was privileged to wear it several times on formal occasions and, in later years, she refused to blame it for the dire things that happened to her.

May was happy with her titled husband, for a while. The stately homes and drawing rooms of England were open to her; she moved like a queen in her castle at Deepdene. But there was no applause and, what was worse, no laughter.

Lord Hope, deeply in love, sensed her hunger for the footlights and decided it would be all right for her to return to the stage—for a while.

It worked out nicely, as long as she stayed in England. But May got homesick for New York and Pennsylvania, and took the step that was to lead to heartbreak and, eventually, poverty.

When she returned to Broadway to star in a new production, Lord Hope was at her side and led the applause on opening night. After a few performances, business called him back to England and Madcap May was left in New York—with a fortune of $300,000 and a score of "wolves," Gay Nineties' model, on her doorstep.

She gave away much of her wealth to parasites. But she didn't give away her heart until she met Capt. Putnam Bradlee Strong.

IT WASN'T enough that the captain was the son of a New York mayor, William L. Strong. Madcap May wasn't impressed.

But the fact that he owned the unofficial title: best looking man in the United States Army, awakened interest and then love.

She forgot her future on the stage and in the English nobility. The worlds of society and the stage were horrified when, in 1901, she ran away with Captain Strong.

Was the "curse" of the Hope diamond at work?

"No such thing," May said later. "I'd have done it if I'd never seen that big blue rock."

Lord Hope waited for a year and then divorced her. Madcap May and Captain Strong were married in Yokohama in 1902. Theirs was a tempestuous honeymoon and married life. They fought and made up. Once, May accused her husband of having taken jewels valued at $200,000; then took back the statement, and the captain.

But the separations and the reconciliations were too strenuous for both parties. She divorced him in Portland, Ore., in 1910.

May was 41, and broke. She turned hopefully to the theatre, but managers would have none of her because of the unpleasant publicity caused by her elopement with the captain.

There were no complaints from Madcap May.

"Nothing like finding out how the other half lives," she grinned. "And I don't have to worry about the servants."

Then came one big opportunity. "Little Christopher Jr.," in which she had made her London debut, was to be revived in England and she was signed for the stellar role.

It was a failure. At the last performance Lord Francis Hope sat in a box and wept as he looked at the woman he had once loved and married. He smiled wanly at hints of a reconciliation.

May returned to America alone, still broke.

A new life began for her in 1914 when she married Capt. John A. Smuts, former officer in the British Army, said to be a distant relative of Jan Smuts, the former Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

Again she visited the Far East; again she sang "Honey, Ma Honey," this time at the request of the Sultan of Johore, who made Smuts superintendent of his rubber plantations.

They knew peace and happiness for three years, and then returned to the United States to operate, in succession, a chicken ranch in Oregon and a tearoom in New Hampshire. Both failed.

A young Hollywood actor told the courts he was the son of Captain Strong and May; that he should share in a $200,000 estate left by the captain's mother. May shook her head and testified:

"I never had a child. Perhaps, if I had—"

The year 1938 found Captain Smuts and Madcap May in a two-room apartment in Boston. When she applied to the WPA for relief, reporters found that the rich throatiness of her voice had given way to a rasping whisper.

"Life," she said, "has been like a big roller coaster with me, Madcap May. First, I go 'way up, then I go 'way down. I never seem to be able to keep on an even keel."

The last phase of her life was spent at the bottom of the roller coaster dip. As an aftermath of a fall that fractured her skull, she had tried to jump from a bus near Portland, Ore., convinced that gangsters had taken over the vehicle.

Then there was the day Captain Smuts was found shot. A suicide note had been written, but police, looking at the wound in his chest, shook their heads and opined it didn't look like suicide. Had there been a family quarrel?

"See here," the captain barked, "it makes no difference who shot me. But if you make any trouble for my wife, I'll say I shot myself. I'm a game fellow and I love my wife. So let it be."

MAY went to work for the WPA, copying records in the Boston City Hall. Her paycheck amounted to $16.50 a week. Fellow workers heard the dumpy little woman humming a song that some recognized as "Honey, Ma Honey," but nobody recognized her as yesteryear's toast of two continents; a pal of royalty.

She fingered a copy of the Hope diamond she had had made for the "comeback" that never materialized and smiled a little secret smile.

A little after midnight on Aug. 28, 1938, Captain Smuts, himself a semi-invalid, heard her gasping for breath.

He stuffed another pillow behind her shoulders so that she could sit up in bed, and he turned on the light so that she could escape the bugaboo of the darkness.

Her eyes fell on a large photograph.

It was a likeness of the late King Edward VII of England and there was an inscription across one corner. It read:

"To May, 1898."

She looked at it, smiled, and then her head fell forward on her chest.

May Yohe, at 69, had taken her last bow.

Other "Tragedies of the Stage" stories will appear in The American Weekly from time to time.

It's Crisp! It's Light! It's fried in Crisco!

FRIED CHICKEN AND GRAVY

(Makes 4 servings)

What's better than fried chicken? Digestible, Crisco-fried chicken! So crisp, so tender, that *every* taste says *more!*

1 frying chicken, cut in serving pieces
½ cup flour • 2 teaspoons salt
Crisco for frying

All Measurements Level: Roll chicken in salted flour. Brown on all sides in hot Crisco about ¼" deep in a heavy skillet. (*Notice—there's never any unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry properly with Crisco!*) When well browned, reduce heat, cover and cook until tender, 35-45 minutes. Remove chicken to hot serving platter and keep hot while making gravy.

GRAVY:
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk or chicken broth

To drippings in the skillet, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir until lightly browned. Slowly add milk or chicken broth. Cook over low heat 5 to 7 minutes. Sliced, browned mushrooms may be added if desired.

Crisco—The One and Only—
Gives you digestible fried foods!

Do you love fried foods but think you shouldn't eat 'em often?—Then here's good news! Crisp, light, Crisco-fried foods are so digestible that youngsters may eat them! Yes, 9 out of 10 *doctors* say foods fried in Crisco are easy to digest!

No wonder! Crisco itself is digestible! Crisco is pure, bland and all-vegetable. And with pure, creamy Crisco even the youngest cook finds it easy to fry foods fluffy, tender and crispy-light!

This Sunday, fry chicken the Crisco way! See if your family doesn't say it's the best they ever tasted. See for yourself one more reason why more women are cooking with Crisco than any other vegetable shortening!

For Cakes and Pies and Tasty Fries

use CRISCO
IT'S DIGESTIBLE!

Unhappy 'Triangle' OF THE HOME-MENDER

When a Friend Tried to Heal the Growing Rift in the Bringman Family He Was Accused of Mixing Too Much Romance With His Treatments

By Watson Crews, Jr.

FRANKFURTERS sizzled over the hot coals. A thin wisp of smoke spiraled above the outdoor fireplace and twisted in its tendrils the life strands of three people.

It was a wiener roast sponsored by the Gleaners Club, an organization of young married persons who attended a Sunday School class of a church in Cleveland, Ohio. Enthusiastic churchgoers laughed and chatted, and some of them saw each other for the first time.

"Mrs. Bringman, I'd like you to meet Clayton Nordstrom, the new teacher of our class..."

Ellen Jean Bringman, 23, and pretty, was ten years younger than her husband, Paul, a war veteran and carpenter by trade, who was president of the Gleaners. They had been married three years and were the parents of a year-and-a-half-old daughter. Nordstrom, 32, also was married and had a boy the same age. A case worker for the Family Service Association, Cleveland's non-sectarian social service agency, he was also studying for a master's degree in social sciences at Western Reserve University.

Nordstrom and the Bringmans became close friends. They had considerable in common—an aversion to drinking and gay parties, an interest in the program of the Gleaners, enjoyment in the study of the Bible. The one flaw in the friendship was a growing rift between Bringman and his wife. Finally Nordstrom, because of his experience in social problems, was invited to give Mrs. Bringman advice on her domestic difficulties.

In a suit filed a year later, Bringman said that Nordstrom represented himself as "a student of psychology specializing in the prognosis of family troubles and majoring in the application of chiropractic manipulation to readjust the tangled thoughts of a confused wife."

According to the suit, the handsome Sunday School teacher persuaded the carpenter to leave home frequently in the evening so he could remain with Mrs. Bringman and have "ample time to explore her mind and determine what was wrong with her thinking.

The evening seances had gone on for some time when the church congregation, which considered Nordstrom a paragon and the Bringmans an ideal couple, was startled to learn that the relationship had exploded in a series of suits.

Bringman sued Nordstrom for $25,000 damages, claiming the affections of his wife had been alienated. Mrs. Bringman immediately filed a divorce petition, charging extreme cruelty, and her husband retaliated with a divorce suit of his own.

In the midst of it all, Nordstrom received his masters degree from Western Reserve and, with his wife and daughter, left the same day for an unannounced destination on the west coast.

What shocked the congregation even more than the suits was the allegation that Nordstrom and Mrs. Bringman had held secret trysts within the church itself.

In his divorce suit, Bringman said he had been going to motion picture shows at night so that the psychologist would have plenty of opportunity to determine what was causing the domestic upset. He added that despite his family woes, he was "by nature a fun-loving man who liked to laugh, with no suspicion in his heart and with faith in mankind and, until the incident hereinafter averred, he saw no blemishes in womanhood but only modesty and inspiration."

The "incident hereinafter averred" took place one evening when the movie-going husband lost interest in the film he was watching and returned home early. He said he found all doors locked, shades drawn and lights out, and in the darkened living room the defendant and the plaintiff's wife were flouting shamelessly the injunction of one of the Ten Commandments, namely, not to Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife."

"This time," he declared, "there was no investigation made of the mind and its fantasies, but their moments were devoted to a licentious saturnale."

It was, he said, "a love triangle, an old game usually played by three—the wizard, the bewitched wife and the innocent husband who portrays the blind man's part in a game of hide and seek."

His wife, Bringman avowed, "changed completely from the confused woman of a short time before to a determined woman who defied the church, the court's domestic relations bureau and the conventions."

Nordstrom, who left for the West before sheriff's deputies could serve him with a notice of the alienation suit, made no comment on the charges, but Mrs. Bringman, who departed for her mother's home with her young daughter, said they were unfounded.

It was true, she said, that the psychologist had called at her home while her husband was away, but only as a friend.

"He realized his position as a married man and I realized mine as a married woman," she said. "If you feel you're right, it doesn't matter what other people think."

As this is written, none of the cases had come to trial.

The Carpenter Left Home Frequently, the Suit Charges, So That the Peace-Maker Could Better Determine What Was Wrong With His Wife.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

The New Career of the Wall Street Plunger's Heir Proves That the Certain Way to Success Is the Hard Way

Evelyn Livermore's Suggestion Brought Into Existence the Lipstick Brush Which Made Possible a Cosmetic Company.

Jesse Livermore's SELF-MADE SON

By Joan King Flynn

JESSE LIVERMORE JR.'S chief inheritance from his father, the fabulous "boy plunger of Wall Street," was a spectacular name and a shattered life to piece together.

On Nov. 29, 1940, almost five years to the day after the Thanksgiving shooting of 16-year-old Jesse, Jr. by a gun accidentally fired by his mother, another shot rang out in a darkened corner of a Fifth Avenue hotel in New York.

Jesse Livermore, Sr., had ended his fabulous career with a bullet, leaving a suicide note saying, "I am a failure."

Today, eight years after his father's tragic end, Jesse, Jr., at 30, is president of a New York cosmetics concern. Jesse's wife, the former Evelyn Bletzer of Baltimore, Md., whom he married when he was 18, is his partner and secretary-treasurer.

During an interview with The American Weekly in Livermore's modest offices at 48 East 43rd Street, the good-looking, sensitive-faced young executive told the story of his quest for self-made success.

"When you become accustomed to the nicer things in life," he said, "and don't have them anymore—and nobody's around to give them to you—the only way I know to get them is to get them for yourself." He said, "If I had a large income, I probably wouldn't work so hard, but being the sole support of my family, it's a necessity."

Livermore received a $100,000 trust fund that was paid in two installments, less taxes, when he was 21. In a couple of years the money was spent. "I didn't waste it," Livermore said. "Everything of any consequence I own now was bought with part of that money. I received dollar for dollar value; Mrs. Livermore's mink coat, her diamond rings, the furniture for the apartment, our car."

Jesse, Jr. grew up on the $1,300,000 Long Island estate given to his mother as a wedding present by Jesse, Sr. At 13, Jesse's parents divorced. He went to live with his father in Chicago. He got a job as a "board boy," marking prices in a Chicago brokerage house.

By doing so he started in the footsteps of his father. Jesse, Sr., worked as a board boy at $6 a week in Boston in 1894. On a borrowed ten dollar bill, he started speculating in the market. Within ten years he had made three million dollars. He lost that fortune and won and lost several more, earning for himself as well, the title "the boy plunger of Wall Street." (He was broke when he died.)

"When I had a taste of the market that summer," Livermore recalled, "I realized it wasn't for me. I didn't take to it naturally the way my father did."

In 1935, 16-year-old Jesse was spending the Thanksgiving holidays with his mother at her Santa Barbara, Calif., home. In what was later described as an accident, he was shot, almost fatally, in the chest by his mother, the former Dorothea Wendt of Brooklyn.

The police arrested Mrs. Livermore. Jesse, Sr. flew out to the Coast to be at his son's bedside. Mrs. Livermore was freed of the charges against her on March 25, 1936, when Jesse, Jr. testified, "My mother told me she would rather see me dead than drinking. I put the gun in her hand and said 'Shoot.' The gun accidentally went off."

There was no resentment between the boy and the mother. Mrs. Livermore was present at Jesse's marriage at Bel Air, Md., Nov. 14, 1937.

After the ceremony, the newlyweds returned to Stamford, Conn., where Jesse operated a soft-drink, bottling and distributing concern.

He sold his interest in that company in 1939, and opened an advertising agency with two social scions, James P. Dillingham, Jr. and Robert C. Durham. Later, Livermore resigned from the firm to become sales promotion manager of a bag company in Kansas City, Mo. When the war came, Livermore was classified 4-F because of lung injuries, so for the duration he worked with Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corp. in their Allentown, Pa., plant.

His strides in the business world reached the ears of a cosmetic company chief, who hired him as sales promotion manager.

An evening in the Fall of 1946, Jesse and Evelyn were finishing dinner in a fashionable Manhattan restaurant. Evelyn was applying fresh lipstick, with a brush. She looked at the plain, unimaginative lipstick brush in her hand and suggested, "Why don't we design a lipstick brush that's attractive and try to market it. There certainly is a need for it."

So the couple designed a gold-plated, stone studded cosmetic container and had it made up at a price to retail for a few dollars. With samples in hand, Jesse canvassed the swank Fifth Avenue stores soliciting orders.

Thus, the cosmetics corporation was formed. The Livermores own the controlling interest. Evelyn, for whom the company is named, keeps office hours with her husband.

Jesse got the inspiration for another item while washing his hair in the shower one morning. The bottle of shampoo broke. The next week, a non-breakable decorative container for lotions and shampoos was added to the line.

Outside of his office hours, which are long, Livermore's interests are devoted to his wife and 10-year-old son, Jesse Livermore, III.

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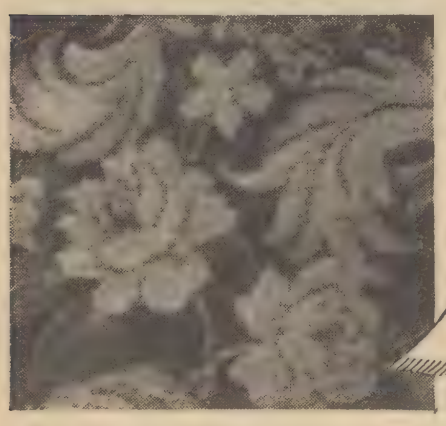

Actual photograph of a Glamorug after 102,635 factory workers had walked over it in all weather. Following wet-shampooing, Glamorug looked like this — surface still soft; no worn-through spots; colors resisted fading.

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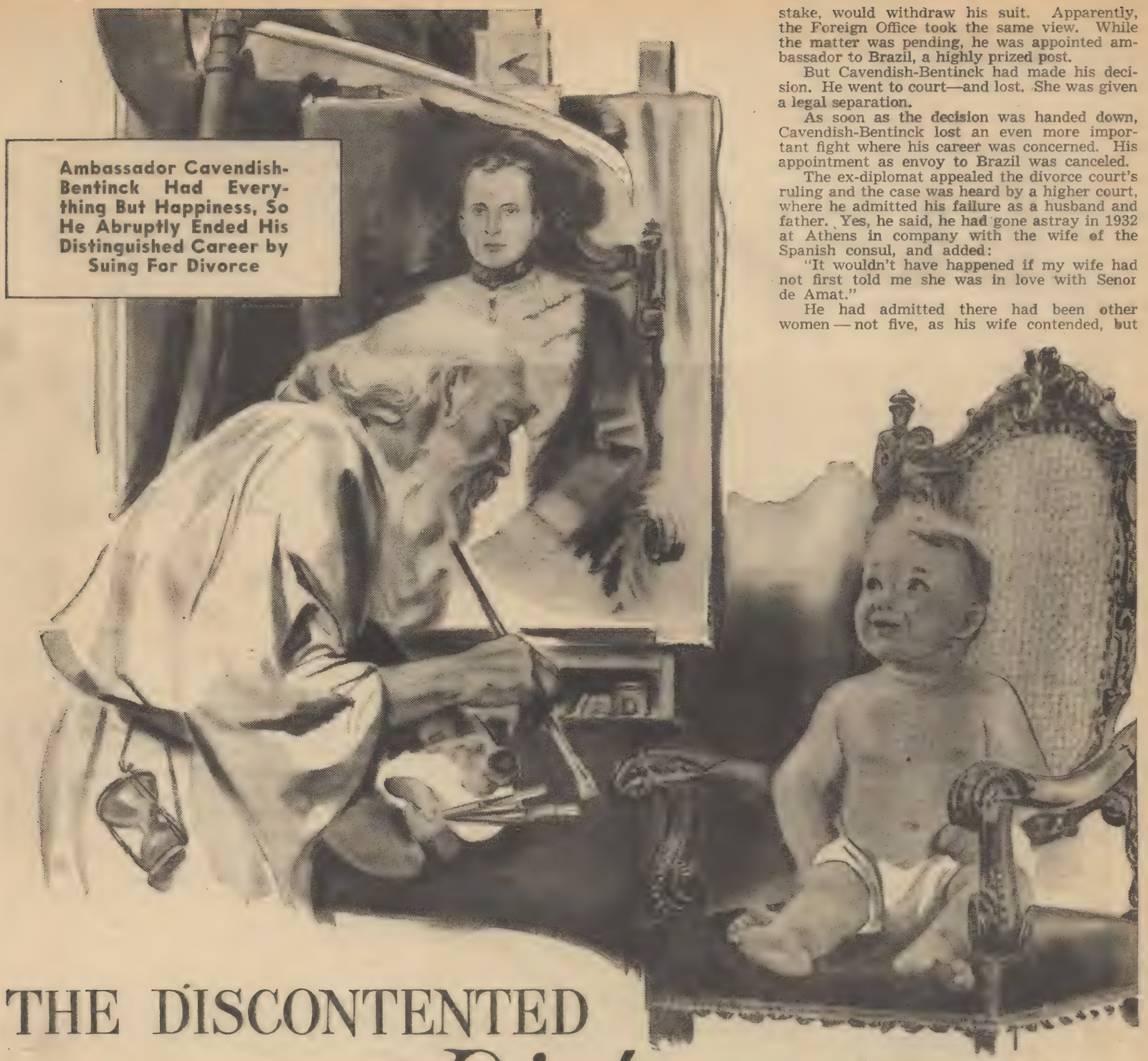

Ambassador Cavendish-Bentinck Had Everything But Happiness, So He Abruptly Ended His Distinguished Career by Suing For Divorce

THE DISCONTENTED *Diplomat*

From Babyhood the Englishman Had Been Groomed For a Diplomatic Career—Now For the First Time His Romantic Decision Has Put Him on His Own.

By Eugene Francis

ASSUMING the average man is born in comparative obscurity and spends the rest of his life fighting for recognition and security, here is a problem in human behavior that stirred all England recently:

Suppose a man reverses the procedure. He is born into a wealthy, influential family and the admiring relatives around his crib see in him a future ambassador for Great Britain and start planning his diplomatic career.

Then, years later, just as he is about to reach the peak of that prearranged career with an appointment as His Majesty's Ambassador to an important country, he becomes involved in a situation that causes him to lose everything given him and earned by him, and sinks into obscurity and insecurity—

Would such a man be happy? Even if he realized he had violated the code that had ruled his life and the lives of his ancestors?

The question was posed by the unconventional conduct of Victor Frederick William Cavendish-Bentinck, born of a distinguished family and related to the Duke of Portland.

Destined for the diplomatic service even before he was enrolled in the family's traditional public school, when Cavendish was 18 years old he became an attache at the British Legation in Oslo.

He represented his country with distinction at the Lausanne and Locarno Conferences and served at Athens and Santiago, taking time out, in 1924, to marry an American girl, Clothilde Quigley, daughter of a Texas banker.

A son and a daughter were born to the couple and the proud father kept climbing in his country's service. Then, in 1942, as he was nearing the top of the diplomatic ladder, Cavendish-Bentinck suddenly sued for divorce.

There was nothing sensational about the action. He cited that Clothilde had taken the children to America in 1939, an action that constituted desertion, according to his suit. Clothilde countered with a suit charging desertion and cruelty.

London courts heard both sides and decided neither had grounds for divorce; neither was guilty of the charges made. Wartime England scarcely noticed the proceedings. The Foreign Office continued to admire, and advance Cavendish-Bentinck.

In 1944 he was Assistant Under-Secretary of State. Following that, came his appointment as Ambassador to Poland, an important post in itself but a stepping stone to greater things in store for him.

But the handsome diplomat was evidently not happy. He made a decision that ended his political life—he filed drastic charges against his wife in the London courts.

Clothilde was accused of having formed an attachment for Senor Francisco de Amat y Torres, Spanish consul at San Francisco. Again she countered his move by charging him with several extra-marital romances, and she named five co-respondents.

Diplomatic and society circles assumed that Cavendish-Bentinck, realizing his career was at stake, would withdraw his suit. Apparently, the Foreign Office took the same view. While the matter was pending, he was appointed ambassador to Brazil, a highly prized post.

But Cavendish-Bentinck had made his decision. He went to court—and lost. She was given a legal separation.

As soon as the decision was handed down, Cavendish-Bentinck lost an even more important fight where his career was concerned. His appointment as envoy to Brazil was canceled.

The ex-diplomat appealed the divorce court's ruling and the case was heard by a higher court, where he admitted his failure as a husband and father. Yes, he said, he had gone astray in 1932 at Athens in company with the wife of the Spanish consul, and added:

"It wouldn't have happened if my wife had not first told me she was in love with Senor de Amat."

He had admitted there had been other women—not five, as his wife contended, but six. The court listened to the reading of the letters by Senor de Amat to Clothilde, reversed the lower ruling, and gave Cavendish-Bentinck a divorce on the grounds of infidelity.

So it was that at the age of 51, Victor-Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck, found himself a free man, free from the bonds of matrimony, free from a career he had followed for 33 years.

What did he do then? He did what the average man—not endowed with his early advantages—usually has to do without influential connections in when young. He started out all on his own, looking for a job—at an age when most men are beginning to think of retiring.

He started looking for the right woman to be his wife, too—someone who would give him the devotion he needed and help him in his new undertaking. His friends say that in the course of investigating business opportunities he found her in Mrs. Katherine Tillotson, 36-year-old divorcee, distantly related by her former marriage to Lord Leverhulme.

At any rate, Cavendish-Bentinck and Mrs. Tillotson were recently married and it was apparently through her influence that he also recently accepted a position as busines consultant for a number of firms established by the first Lord Leverhulme.

Will he find happiness in his new marriage and his new life of obscurity?

"Yes," his friends said. "He seemed contented at last."

Illustrated by ROBERT W. CROWTHER

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Diamonds Like the Fabulous One Count Gregory Orlov Presented to Catherine the Great to Regain Her Favor May, Through Dr. Raman's Researches, Eventually Be Owned by Everyone.

Illustrated by MARIO COOPER

By G. B. Lal

Science Editor

SOME day artificial diamonds may be made so plentifully that even ordinary people will be able to deck themselves out as dazzingly as a King or Queen.

Sir Chandrasekhar V. Raman, India's Nobel Laureate physicist, the foremost scientific investigator of the structure of diamonds, gave a hint of this recently while he was in this country.

"Our studies of various forms of diamonds suggest that they represent the results of solidification of liquid carbon, maintained under very high pressure," he said. "As the researches on diamonds and other crystals proceed, the way will be cleared for the technique of artificial diamond production."

The artificial diamond stuff might be shaped into objects of every day use.

When the time comes (far ahead, scientists say) it would be possible, for example, to have a unique diamond wedding. The bride would be gleaming with diamonds, from tiarra to shoe buckle, and the guests would also scintillate. The knives and forks would be diamond, and their food at the glittering party would have been cooked in diamond pots and pans.

The fantasy is intriguing, scientists say, but the diamond's structure has deeper meaning for them. The diamond is pure carbon in crystalline form. Carbon is necessary to all life. The diamond—in many ways the most remarkable form of carbon—is a kind of key, scientists believe, to mankind's welfare.

In various ways, mankind's welfare is continually dependent on carbon. It is the carbon in all living bodies that holds all the other atoms together. The sugar we eat, the oil we burn, all so-called organic chemicals are carbon compounds. If carbon were to disappear entirely, all plants, animals and humans would disappear.

"The diamond," said Dr. Raman, who has a collection of 500 fine diamonds, "is the most representative as well as the most exceptional of crystalline solids."

It is also one of the best means which scientists have for probing the basic atomic secrets of matter in solid state, living or non-living.

Dr. Raman's work in this field is notable. At the Indian Institute of Science and in the newly established Raman Institute, both in Bangalore, India, he and his collaborators have made discoveries of capital importance concerning diamonds, with the aid of visible light, the invisible ultra-violet, infra-red and X-rays, radium's gamma-rays and alpha-rays and electrical and magnetic forces.

In the diamond, the carbon atoms are linked together like the best drilled army. Each atom consists of a central core of positive electricity surrounded by six negative electrical charges (electrons). Four of these outer electrons serve like arms which link themselves with the electronic arms (bonds) of other similar atoms. Each atom links four of its arms to each of the other atoms. Small groups join to form larger groups until a sort of battalion is organized, known as the smallest crystal.

Then these crystals become arranged so that the entire body of the diamond looks like a honeycomb of regiments of carbon atoms in perfect formation.

There, in the diamond, the perfect order of the atoms is displayed in the various forms of the regular atomic structure of crystals. Four kinds of diamonds, differing in atomic symmetries, have been found.

The diamond, being pure carbon, is the same substance as that of charcoal, lampblack or graphite (the "lead" in a pencil). It is the same carbon as that in all living bodies. Only it is crystalline carbon, and that gives it its importance to investigators.

The origin of life itself was in a special type of crystal of perfect atomic order, Dr. Erwin Shroedinger, another Nobel Laureate physicist, believes. Perhaps the diamond mirrors something of that secret of life.

In order to perfect the process of making diamonds artificially, scientists will need every bit of the vast information which Dr. Raman and his associates are now accumulating.

In a way, it seems fitting that Dr. Raman is conducting his great researches in India. It was in that country that diamonds first were discovered and from India have come some of the most celebrated stones, including the Orlov.

Supposed to be the same stone known in ancient times as the Great Mogul, this fabulous diamond is said to have been stolen by a soldier from one of the eyes of a statue of Brahma in Mysore.

According to legend, the captain of a ship bound for London discovered the diamond in the fleeing soldier's possession, threw him overboard and sold the stone for $60,000.

Count Gregory Orlov, from whom the diamond gets its name, bought it in Amsterdam for $450,000.

Exiled from Russia by Catherine the Great, Orlov hoped to regain the Empress' favor by giving it to her. When he wrote her about it, she replied that she would be pleased to receive both him and the diamond, provided he brought along the Princess Tarakhanov, who had aroused her anger and taken refuge in Naples.

Using the diamond as a lure—and promising to marry the Princess as soon as they were on Russian soil—the treacherous Count persuaded her to return with him to their native land, where she was promptly thrown into prison and kept there until her death.

Which is really Ginger Rogers?

See her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE [illegible]"

(See answer below)

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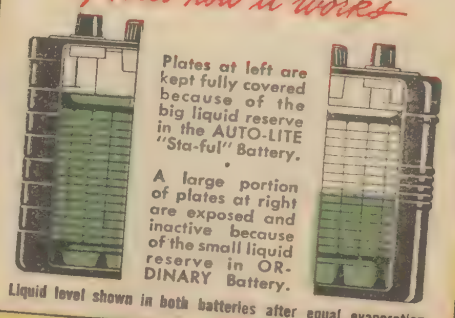

Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

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Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

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TUNE IN THE AUTO-LITE RADIO SHOW "SUSPENSE"... RADIO ADVENTURE AT ITS GREATEST . . . THURSDAYS, 9 P. M., E. S. T. ON CBS

A HELPING HAND PAYS OFF

By Booton Herndon

A MAN with a beaten look in his eyes walked into Anthony S. Gaccione's spacious office overlooking New York harbor.

"Tony," he said, "I've had tough luck. You and I are old college friends. Would you lend me $50?"

Gaccione, the wealthy president of a company dealing in waste paper, shook his head, slowly.

"If you weren't a friend of mine," he said, "I'd lend you the money. But I'd rather help you make a whole lot more. I'll arrange for you to get a horse and cart and pick up waste paper."

Tony Gaccione (pronounced Gassy-own in America) sighed as his friend left, insulted. If he had been willing to work, he could have made $150 a week or more. He might have followed in the footsteps of another man who came to Tony 10 years ago for help, and went on to become successful.

That man worked in the stables, taking care of the horses and helping plan routes for the drivers. He was ambitious, and he asked Tony to help him.

"All right," said Tony, "I'll buy all the waste paper you can bring in, and I'll pay for it a week in advance. Here's $500, and here's a list of places you can get paper."

With that start, the ambitious stableboy got his own cars and hired his own men, and within two years Tony was advancing him as much as $2,000 a week for paper yet to be collected. The boy eventually became a millionaire, and one of Tony's smartest competitors.

"We're friends, and we still do a lot of business together, Tony said, "but if you think I'm going to tell you his name, you are crazy."

Gaccione found out years ago that helping people pays off, and he based his business philosophy on the principle of the helping hand.

He began doing people favors when he was a freshman at Cornell University. Those favors have boomeranged to make Gaccione one of the world's largest dealers in waste paper.

His company, the Toga Paper Stock Company, Inc., now specializes in distributing proper type of waste paper to mills which can best use it rather than in collecting paper.

His father was dealing in waste paper when 17-year-old Tony went to Cornell. In his first few weeks on the campus, he ran across a couple of box manufacturers who bought waste paper through brokers. Tony suggested that they buy it direct, arranged for transportation, and delivered the paper at a lower price to the manufacturer and at a profit.

He began taking week-ends off, and adding other mills to his string. During vacations he'd travel over all the United States and Canada, finding markets for seemingly-useless paper junk. He found that the wealthy owners of paper mills were willing to deal with a boy—if the boy could save them money.

Tony's Midas Touch With Waste Paper Was Evident Even as a College Student. The Contacts He Made Then Are Still Valuable 30 Years Later.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

"I still do business with many of the mills I contacted in my college days," Tony said. "Those friendly contacts have been profitable for 30 years."

Another contact he made in college has lasted just as long. In the restaurant where many of the students ate lunch, Tony noticed a coed who ate at the same table every day. She was the blondest person he had ever seen. Occasionally their eyes would meet, for the girl seemed as fascinated by his black hair and his flashing white teeth as he was by her golden hair.

One day he got up his courage and went over to her table.

"I'm Tony Gaccione," he said, "and I'd like to take you to the Beaux Arts ball."

"I'm Helen Adams," she said. "I'd like to go with you."

Blonde Helen and brunette Tony were married shortly after they graduated, 27 years ago.

Tony's career as a millionaire junk man has been marked by the same direct approach he used with the girl he married.

He made his fortune by saving money for his customers.

A manufacturer of paper cups came to him with a problem. He was throwing away quantities of high-grade sulphite paper every day, after cutting the paper cups out of it. The paper was waterproofed,

Wealthy Tony Gaccione Has Built His Fortune on the Unique Principle That a Favor For a Friend Is a Valuable Investment

and other waste paper dealers said it was worthless.

At his own expense, Gaccione set up a laboratory to test ways of washing the wax off the paper. Finally he found the solution to the problem, aided greatly by his university chemistry courses, and made a deal with the company to take all its waste paper.

His recent payments to the paper cup company have averaged $250,000 a year, representing just about the net profits of the company.

Not long ago a big concern came to him with an even tougher problem. They had built a $10,000,000 plant to make pigments for their paint, which included a substance derived from old tin cans. At the last minute the paint makers found that they couldn't get the 500 tons of tin cans they needed every month. Could Mr. Gaccione solve their problem. He could, and he did.

Tony went to the City of New York, which, he knew, was having a serious disposal problem with the millions of cans thrown into the city's garbage.

In a short time the paint manufacturer was getting all the old cans he needed, New York City was collecting as much as $300,000 a year for the cans, and Tony did all right.

A few years ago a young man named John Russo came to Tony with a problem. He owned four trucks, but his business had been gobbled up by a larger company. Tony arranged for Russo's trucks to deliver his waste paper, and pick up completed boxes made from it at the mills for the return trips. Elimination of deadhead runs guaranteed success for the trucking company.

Russo's brother-in-law, Nicholas Stefanile, got tired of driving Russo's trucks, and asked Gaccione for business. He started with one truck, driving it himself; now he operates almost as many as Russo, taking all the runs north of New York. Russo handles southbound business.

"They didn't speak to each other for a month or two," Gaccione chuckled, "but it didn't take long for them to discover that each was prospering. I found out that when you put out your hand to help a friend, it rarely comes back empty."

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BRUTALITY at the

By Roger Treat

RICHARD LEIGH HANNA knew what to do when Teardrop and Skyway balked on the training track at Arlington Park, Illinois, and refused to work out in a manner that satisfied him.

The chain would get them started, as it had before—so he lashed the rumps of the fillies with the chain end of the "lead-shank" until they fled in panic down the track, two terrified exercise boys hanging tightly to their backs.

The Trainer's Chain Lashed The Rumps Of The Thoroughbreds Until Pain Made Them Break Away From The Starting Gate In Panic

Their rumps seared with pain; their glossy coats cut and swelling from the beating, Skyway and Teardrop were finally herded back to the barn. That afternoon they would race, and Hanna knew what to do if they didn't run properly.

The menacing sound of jangling chains, would start the fillies on their frightened way.

The keen eyes of Dr. Martin F. Kent, State Veterinarian for the Illinois Racing Board, spotted the welts on Teardrop and Skyway when they appeared in the paddock on the afternoon of July 20, 1948. He ordered the fillies scratched from the races and started an investigation.

RACETRACK

The Indifference of Some Officials to the Cruel Practices Which Endanger Both Horses and Riders Is Outraging Fans and Giving Racing a Bad Name

Illustrated by
ELMOR BROWN

Before nightfall the racing board had secured a confession from Hanna, who seemed surprised that anyone was making such a fuss over his training methods.

Further checking of the Illinois Racing Board brought out the information that Hanna had been tried once before on the same charge, that time for "chaining" the filly Luculent, at Marlboro Track in Maryland. He had been let off with a 30-day suspension.

That Hanna would get a life suspension in Illinois was a likely conclusion, because the Illinois Racing Board has established a splendid record of dealing firmly with those who try to befoul racing.

ONLY a few weeks before, Angelo Cilio, trainer, had been suspended for life in Illinois and turned over to the grand jury, when one of the horses in his care had shown a positive test to Benzedrine after winning a race at Washington Park.

Hanna failed to appear at the hearing to which he had been summoned. Instead he forwarded a letter to the commission in which he complained that he had been "prejudged" in a column written in a Chicago paper, and therefore would not appear. The hearing proceeded without him and he was suspended for life, a sentence which must be honored by every other track which cares to maintain its respectability.

During the testimony, Jockey William Morrisey, who had been astride Skyway during the chaining, testified that he had not bothered to look the filly over for possible injuries when he returned to the barn. He also said that, during his long career, he had witnessed many episodes of "chaining" by trainers, and that he had seen bull-whips used on horses which did not behave properly.

Ernest Roehm, exercise boy aboard Teardrop during her thrashing, duplicated Morrisey's cold-blooded attitude, and said it was not the first time he had seen a horse hit with a chain.

O. L. Nyberg, wealthy Baltimorean who owned Teardrop and Skyway, fired Hanna immediately after hearing of the Arlington Park episode, but could give no logical reason why he had hired the man, with a previous record for cruelty, in the first place.

Only a few weeks before the sports world was shocked by Hanna's abuse of the fillies, another horse, Alonary, was blindfolded in New York, and beaten with a broomstick to make it run faster.

Although the New York stewards acquired the evidence, they brought down censure from all sides by only fining the trainer and suspending, for 60 days, the men who wielded the broomstick. Only the stewards could explain why those responsible for the beating should have been sentenced to anything less than "life."

Hanna had been a fugitive from Illinois only a few days, when another case of racetrack brutality happened in Maryland.

This time death was part of the picture, with Jockey Benny Leggett dying from a brain concussion after crashing through the rail at Cumberland, Maryland, on a horse which was pronounced "totally blind for all practical purposes" by a competent eye specialist.

Alpine Boy, a 12-year-old gelding, was the pitiful instrument of death in the case of Leggett. The horse had been barred at the Charlestown, W. Va., racetrack in both 1947 and 1948. It was owned by Dr. James A. Gross, who apparently did not bother to check the report of the Charlestown official who had barred Alpine Boy, or, if he did check it, kept the horse running and depended on its riders to keep the animal out of danger.

Leggett died a few hours after the race, and the Maryland Commission—which has done nothing about several racetrack scandals before and after the honest 1945-1946 regime of Chairman George P. Mahoney—again found itself on the spot.

Chairman Stuart Janney, who succeeded Mahoney, was in Maine on a vacation. Neither he, nor any other member of his commission, bothered to attend the meeting at the Cumberland track.

Immediately after Leggett's death, the officials barred Alpine Boy as "unfit to race," but within a few hours, they had the horse "re-examined" by their own veterinarians, and declared to be as fit as he was before the fatal race.

Later, in the official "investigation" held after all the commissioners got back from more important personal affairs, it was decided that Alpine Boy is "too blind to race in Maryland" but that no one was to blame for the accident.

No one—not even the track officials who had received Alpine Boy's stall application on which it was written that he was "barred at C. T.," meaning, Charlestown, W. Va.

No one—not even the Cumberland veterinarian who "examined" the horse before the race. No one—not even the members of the Racing Commission, that body from which George Mahoney, the best race commissioner Maryland ever had, was ousted because he "gave racing a bad name."

Mahoney had "given Maryland racing a bad name" by working unceasingly to keep it clean. He had not spared the rod when there was evidence of illegal goings-on.

WHEN a horse belonging to millionaire William L. Brann was found to be stimulated, Brann and his trainer were barred. When another horse belonging to the wealthy Sylvester Labrot showed up with a positive reaction to dope, he and his trainer were tossed out, too.

This was too much for the clubhouse set. What did this brash Irishman think he was doing?

Mahoney's receiving barn plan earned him the enmity of some of the people who should have backed up an honest commissioner who, at last, was trying to clean up the bad spots in Maryland racing.

Mr. George Widener announced that his horses would never suffer the insult of being placed in receiving barns as if they were suspected of a crime. Perhaps he forgot that one of the few horses ever convicted of being "doped" by the New York Commission belonged to him.

The honest owners and the two-buck betters liked George Mahoney. They cheered when he suspended several steeplechase riders for framing a race at Pimlico. They were proud of him when he sent one man who ran a ringer in Maryland to jail, and brought the heaviest possible fines against another—and he lost his job because he "gave Maryland racing a bad name."

One of Mahoney's last jobs as chairman was to get the evidence of another "chaining" episode in the spring of 1947. The victim was a horse named Duke O'Balu. By the time the case was due, Mahoney was out and Stuart Janney was in charge.

The commission might never have prosecuted the men who abused this horse if Rodger Pippen, the fighting sports editor of a Baltimore paper, hadn't driven them to it with his typewriter. During the squabble, Pippen caught one of the commissioners in a lie about the reason why the prosecution was not being forced.

Soon after the Duke O'Balu affair, a similar scandal shocked Maryland racing fans. Saguaro, a mediocre horse, had not been breaking quickly enough from the starting gate to satisfy its owner, nor its trainer. To cure this fault, they took the horse to the gate one morning, stood behind him with a shotgun loaded with gravel, and fired it into the horse's rump.

THE terrified animal crashed into the rail, broke a leg, and had to be destroyed.

Frank Buehler and Maurice Peters, the owner and trainer of Saguaro, were fined $250 and $200 and ruled off the track although an outraged populace thought they should be hanged.

Walter Puller, groom, and Millard E. Gilbert, Jr., the owner-trainer of Duke O'Balu, were ruled off Maryland tracks under the pressure of public censure—but no criminal action was taken against them because no member of the Racing Commission bothered to prosecute the case.

During the Mahoney regime, several cases of doping were exposed, and two "ringer" cases were brought to light. The culprits were heavily fined, and one went to prison.

Since the rise of Mr. Janney, who does not "give racing a bad name," the Maryland Racing Commission has been conspicuous for its floundering attempts to whitewash itself after some illegal episode has forced it to take action.

Governor Lane, who removed Mahoney at the height of Mahoney's respect on the part of the public, is put on the political spot every time Mr. Janney demonstrates that, as a racing commissioner, he is inefficient, negligent, or both.

A rebellious public, proud of Maryland's former reputation as a fine place for the Sport of Kings, can't forget a dead jockey, a blindfolded horse that had to be destroyed, and men who "train" horses with chains and guns. The reaction to this brutality is haunting politicians in high places.

Maryland sportsmen—and they number hundreds of thousands—are convinced that it is high time the tracks in their state were policed by a fearless commissioner, like the man who was jockeyed out of his job for "giving racing a bad name."

Other "great Racing Gamble" stories will appear from time to time.

They swept ahead of Tradition

Escort Aircraft Carrier
—Kaiser-built

Many an old shipbuilder gasped at the idea of building an aircraft carrier from keel to superstructure in only 45 days. But a group of engineers just smiled—then designed and built *fleets* of them.

Many good men shook their heads, when these same engineers promised to make a completely new kind of car—and built it.

Their new car, born two years ago, was *completely* new. Its style made America gasp with admiration. It was far wider and roomier than anyone thought possible. Veteran mechanics were astonished at its sturdy construction and the clever engineering.

Now—in only two short years, a quarter million proud owners are driving them. They have travelled more than two billion miles under every kind of driving condition. They are the most copied cars in America. They have "stood up" to what their designers knew they could do. They have proved their dependability.

The new Kaiser for 1949 is *more* than a great achievement in engineering design. It is a great car—*road*-proved, *style*-proved, *value*-proved. Kaiser-Frazer Corporation, Willow Run, Michigan.

THE 1949 KAISER SPECIAL

Why don't you drive a 1949 Kaiser and find out?

Willie's Carelessness Turned Out to Be a Major Mistake When an Alert Rookie Cop Spotted His Shadow Flitting Across a Glass Partition.

The Crafty, but Insignificant-Looking Safe-Cracker Evaded Arrest for Burglary for 20 Years Until He Disregarded Some Simple Rules of the Game

Little Willie's TWO MISTAKES

By John MacLeod

"LITTLE WILLIE MacCLAREN was so drab as to be almost invisible.

He was a slight, quiet shadow of a man, the kind no one notices. He could slip into an office or factory, or walk down the street, and no one would remember his passing.

That was a very valuable asset for William C. McClaren, the man the police knew for 20 years as one of the world's slickest safe crackers. They knew him as a shrewd criminal who was as skillful as the greatest of fictional safe-crackers, alias Jimmy Valentine.

For years the police played a patient game of wits with this phantom burglar. Many times they recognized his "signature" on a job, the little signs by which an expert can recognize the work of a master criminal. But getting evidence to convict him was something else.

MacClaren did go to prison twice—once for misuse of the mails, and the second time for possessing burglar's tools. But never could the law pin a burglary on him.

Little Willie was sure they never would. But the police weren't convinced. "Sometime," said Robert S. Morris, internationally known safe expert and consultant to many police departments, "he'll make a mistake."

He was right, because Willie recently made not one, but two mistakes in a row.

His first error was committed in the office of a textile concern on New York's Broadway. He carelessly let his shadow flit across a glass partition—and an alert rookie cop nabbed him.

He was charged only with breaking and entering—and was released on bail.

His second mistake, made a few weeks later, was in assuming that the police weren't "tailing" him when he opened the safe of a Fifth Avenue real estate concern.

MacClaren was born in the mining town of Shenandoah, Pa., in 1897. He was educated in the Shenandoah schools, and later studied engineering—and locksmithing—in college.

Before 1928, he was the owner of a shop in New York City, where he repaired machines—he was a skilled machinist—and experimented with locks. In the year 1928 he was arrested following a series of safe burglaries in the New York textile area. Police said they found lock picks, drills and other burglar-like tools in his shop—but they couldn't prove that he committed any of the robberies.

They arrested him again in 1929, after $50,000 in negotiable securities had been taken from an old-fashioned safe in a New York shop. The authorities again failed to prove that he committed the burglary—but they could prove that the securities had been mailed to a bank as collateral on a loan, and that Willie was involved. He was given a two-and-a-ahalf-year prison term on a mail fraud charge. In 1936, he was sentenced to three and a half years for possessing burglars' tools.

He believed in a neat, clean job. Unlike Jimmy Valentine, Willie never broke into a safe, never used explosives to blast it open, never drilled the lock, never left any obvious evidence of his work.

As his sensitive fingers turned the knob of the combination, he could hear the tumblers fall at the proper numbers. Sometimes he found the numbers of the combination pasted under a desk drawer, on the bottom of a waste-paper basket, or in some other hiding place.

"I never sandpapered my fingertips, like you read about," he said. "It wasn't necessary."

He preferred old safes, in smaller stores and offices which he knew would not be serviced.

"A well-oiled, well-maintained lock is tough," he said. "You can't hear the tumblers. I stayed away from time locks, and newer safes. I kept out of banks and big business houses."

Little Willie continually "cased" likely looking stores and offices, marking down for future reference safes that looked easy and followed trucks delivering cheaper safes.

At the same time, in his machine shop he kept abreast of new developments in locks. He made his own tools—called the finest ever found—and was working on a radio device which, he hoped, would amplify the sound of a falling tumbler. It wasn't successful.

If he couldn't get a key to the door of a store or office, and couldn't pick the lock, he'd work on it with a drill of his own making—leaving a hole only .074 of an inch in diameter, which he'd plug with golddust paste on his way out. These needle-small holes were part of Little Willie's signature.

He rarely took cash—and only a portion of any securities he found.

"I wanted to leave the safe looking untouched," he said, "so that it would take days, or weeks, before the burglary was discovered."

By that time, Willie would have disposed of the securities, and the trail would be cold. Often an employe of a victimized firm was discharged for suspected theft after one of Willie's jobs—and not infrequently insurance companies, suspecting collusion, refused to pay.

He might have gone on for years if that rookie policeman, checking doors on his beat at night, hadn't glimpsed Willie's shadow.

"I ought to go back to first grade," Willie said.

MacClaren was released on bail. He might have known that he would be "tailed."

A few weeks later, Detective Raymond McGuire watched MacClaren go into a Fifth Avenue real estate office, waited until he opened a safe, and nabbed him with $40 loot in his pocket.

The police estimate that MacClaren stole about $300,000. But they found that he and his bed-ridden wife were living in a dingy apartment in comparative poverty.

As they say in the underworld, "Everybody is a sucker for the other guy's racket"—MacClaren was a sucker for the horses.

Even for Little Willie, crime didn't pay.

Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

Hetty Used the Vault of a Bank She Owned for an Office and Made the Vice-Presidents and Their Secretaries Run Her Errands. Her Savings on Such Items Helped Her to Leave $67,000,000.

Stingy Hetty

By David Camelon

WHEN Ned Green, tight-fisted old Hetty Green's free-handed, jovial son died in 1936, his neighbors at South Dartmouth, Mass., felt they'd lost their best friend.

His 277-acre estate, Round Hill, had been almost a public park. The gates were always open, the roads unbarred. Music and entertainment poured from loudspeakers. The beach was free to bathers and picnickers.

Ned's neighbors knew that the estate, together with his incredible fortune, would go to his sister, Sylvia—Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks—to make her, perhaps, the world's richest woman. But nobody, in South Dartmouth or elsewhere, knew much about her. She lived alone in her large Greenwich, Conn., home, shunning society. What would she do with Round Hill?

Soon after Ned's death, guards were posted at the gates, and only those with business were allowed to enter.

Before Ned's death, scientists from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had used his private airport, his radio station and other technical facilities for some of America's most important research work, which he financed. All that had stopped.

"Too bad everything Ned loved has to come to an end," the neighbors said. "Round Hill will never help anybody now."

But they were wrong.

Recently Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of M. I. T., announced that Mrs. Wilks had given Round Hill to the school. Mrs. Wilks has made no statement, but Dr. Compton said:

"In this generous gift, Mrs. Wilks makes it possible to utilize Round Hill for the purposes in which her brother, Colonel Green, was deeply interested."

Mrs. Wilk's gift recalled the sharp contrast between her mother, Hetty, and her big, hearty brother, Ned, who had only one thing in common — the ability to make money.

They differed radically in their ideas of personal enjoyment.

Colonel Ned loved good food, well served in one of his many luxurious homes, surrounded by pleasant companions. But eating to Hetty was only an incidental and time-wasting necessity. She had no New York office, and conducted her business from one of New York's oldest banks, using any desk that suited her. She sometimes held conferences in the bank's vault.

Often she would sit on the cold vault floor at lunchtime, munching on a sandwich and an onion, surrounded by a fortune in stocks, bonds and cash, which she carried about in a little black bag, in newspaper-wrapped bundles.

Bank presidents and vice-presidents were her errand boys—and often, when a harassed bank official ordered lunch at his desk, Hetty would help herself to part of the meal.

Colonel Ned lived in luxurious comfort. It is estimated he spent $7,000,000 on Round Hill. He had an estate in Florida, a home in Texas, a New York apartment, and other residences.

But Hetty lived, until she died in 1916, in the cheapest of boarding houses in Hoboken, N. J.—rooms for which she paid $12 a week or less. She washed her own clothes, hanging them on the backs of chairs to dry, and dressed so shabbily that her landladies sometimes refused to let her eat at the dining room table with the other boarders.

Colonel Ned was generous, even to his competitors. As a young man in Texas, he was sitting in the bank he owned—in addition to the Texas Midland Railroad and other business ventures—when he heard that a run was threatening a rival bank across the street. Ned wrote a check for $50,000, ran into the lobby of the other bank, waved the check, and shouted:

"Look, folks! This is a good bank. I'm putting my money in it!" The run was stopped.

Hetty, on the other hand, once tried to ruin a railroad magnate who had opposed her. She learned that he had taken out a business loan of $2,000,000 from a certain bank and quietly deposited money in the bank until her balance was $1,600,000. Then she swooped down on the bank's president.

Green's GENEROUS CHILDREN

The Son and Daughter of the Richest Woman in the World Learned How to Use Her Hoarded Millions for the Benefit of Mankind

"I hear," she said, "that you have been making doubtful loans. I want my deposits back, now, in cash!"

The bank president pleaded for time, but Hetty was adamant. She got her money, and the president, as Hetty anticipated, had to call in the railroad magnate's loan. The railroad man had a desperate time raising it on short notice, and almost went broke.

Colonel Green spent millions on scientific research and facilities, but his penny-pinching mother begrudged even the doctor's fees necessary for health.

When Ned was a boy, he injured his knee coasting down a hill near the Green's family home in Bellows Falls, Vt. Hetty, refusing to call a doctor, treated the knee with home remedies—until his condition alarmed her. Then she dressed herself and her son in ragged clothes and sought charity treatment at a hospital.

When she was recognized, so the story goes, she took Ned out of the hospital rather than pay. The knee continued to get worse—and the leg had to be amputated.

Few legitimate appeals for aid were ever turned down by Colonel Ned. So many girls asked him for help in going to college that he worked out a plan for informally "adopting" those who seemed most deserving. He sent them to the best schools, and, when they had graduated and were to be married, he gave them a dowry.

But if Hetty was ever generous or charitable, no one heard of it. Once a minister wrote her that she might never expect to go to Heaven if she insisted on payment of a $50,000 mortgage she held on his church.

"Then," Hetty replied, "you better start praying for my soul right away, because I'm going to foreclose in 30 days." And she did.

She used various names in the Hoboken and Jersey City rooming houses she frequented—and when her identity became known, she always moved, packing her few belongings in battered suitcases and newspaper-wrapped bundles.

A story is told as a possible explanation of her fanatic withdrawal from people and her refusal to display any signs of wealth.

Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, who made a comfortable fortune in New Bedford, Mass. Early in June, 1865, he became ill, and called her to his bedside.

"Hetty," he said, "I have been poisoned, by a band of conspirators. Watch yourself. You may be next."

He closed his eyes and, in a short time, was dead. Whether the poisoning story was true, or the fevered delusion of a dying man, Hetty believed it.

The father left her his $5,000,000 estate, $1,000,000 outright, the balance in trust. From her aunt, Sylvia Ann Howland, she inherited another million. But her aunt's death, coming three weeks after that of her father, so terrified Hetty that for days she barricaded herself in her room at night, and refused to eat any food she, personally, had not bought and cooked.

Shortly before her father's death, Hetty became engaged to a well-to-do bachelor named Edward H. Green. They were married in 1867. Ned was born the next year and Sylvia in 1871.

Imperious Hetty relegated her husband to the presidency of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad which she controlled—and insisted that he make no business deals without first consulting her.

About 1875, Mr. Green disobeyed this edict and plunged in Wall Street. He is said to have lost all his money and $200,000 belonging to Hetty.

She was furious, called herself Hetty instead of Mrs. Edward Green from that day on, and put him on a small allowance on which he lived until he died in 1902.

When she died, Hetty had run her inheritance into a fortune estimated from $67,000,000 to $100,000,000. Half went to Colonel Ned, and half to her daughter, Sylvia. Ned, when he died—despite his free spending, his generosity, his love of good companionship and comfortable living—had run his inheritance into a fortune estimated at $80,000,000.

Apart from their native financial shrewdness, the business methods of penurious Hetty and her open-handed son were diametrically opposed.

In Texas, where Hetty sent him in 1893 to be president and manager of the Texas Midland Railroad—known to Texas people as "two streaks of rust"—Ned entered politics. He ran as a Republican candidate for governor, knew everybody and, when he was defeated, was given the rank of Colonel by his successful Democratic opponent. He owned ranches, oil wells and gold mines. He liked everybody and all liked him.

Hetty, on the other hand, left her shabby New Jersey boarding house every morning dressed like a scrubwoman. In fact, on one occasion, a stranger in a New York skyscraper, seeing her trudging through a corridor, directed her to the office where scrubwomen were hired.

Hetty would board a Manhattan-bound ferry, carrying her famous little black bag, which might contain the gun she always carried in her later years, a sandwich—and a million dollars in securities.

She would stalk into New York's forbidding financial district—where she was known as the "Witch of Wall Street," and ruled with an iron hand—to practice such maxims as:

"To spend money uselessly is a sin," and "never buy anything because it's cheap: Wait, it may be cheaper."

Yet this fabulously rich and stingy woman was capable of rare bursts of extravagance.

In 1908 she suddenly decided that Sylvia, then 36, should be presented to society. Into mothballs went her old clothes. Dressed in new and modish silks, sparkling with diamonds, she and Sylvia came across the Hudson, and into a $30-a-day suite at a fashionable hotel. There was a dinner, at $20 a head, served on gold plates. The wine cost $9 a bottle—a tremendous price then—and the headwaiter got a $50 tip.

Then, as suddenly as the splurge began, it ended—and Hetty and Sylvia went back to their dreary rooming house. The party had one important result, however—Sylvia received a proposal of marriage from Matthew Astor Wilks, 65-year-old great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor.

Hetty, at first, objected to the match—telling Wilks that she wouldn't let her daughter marry "a gouty old man." But Sylvia and the venerable Mr. Wilks were married a year later—and once more Hetty appeared in silks and diamonds.

Another of Hetty's rare extravagances grew out of business necessity. She was in Philadelphia when she learned that her presence was urgently required in New York before the stock market closed. No scheduled train would get her there, and she asked railroad officials to quote a price for a special locomotive and coach. They did.

"Leave off the coach, cut $5 off the price, and I'll ride the locomotive," she said—and did.

Somewhere between these sharply contrasting figures of mother and son was Sylvia. After her husband died in 1924, Sylvia lived in extreme retirement. Yet she maintained an expensive New York apartment and the home in Greenwich, Conn. She had five servants, including a chauffeur to drive her cheap automobile.

She was constantly guarded by private detectives, perhaps as the result of an inherited fear from the story of her grandfather's poisoning. She engaged little in business, leaving management of her estate largely to associates.

Yet, a blend of mother and daughter, she knew what each loved best.

She knew of her brother's intense interest in science. It was at Round Hill, before his death, that the fundamental development of the Van de Graaff generator and its application to nuclear physics was carried out—work from which came some of the greatest contributions to X-ray therapy, as well as techniques in atomic research which proved so valuable during the war. Developments were made in the guiding of planes to earth by radio; and in other important scientific fields.

She knew that Ned would have wished Round Hill to serve mankind.

And Sylvia Wilks, generously, has made that possible.

Illustrated by TOM WEBB

MILLIONS in Missing Securities

Corporations Sometimes Find It Hard to Rid Themselves of Fortunes In Unclaimed Stocks, Bonds and Dividends

By Charles Renshaw, Jr.

THE gestures were almost as violent as the language.

Against the backdrop of New York City skyscrapers, the wild-eyed speaker standing atop the soap box looked like some frenzied scarecrow suddenly come to life.

"The trouble with this country," he told his audience of idlers, "is that it's run by Wall Street bankers and crooked politicians. What we need..."

As he finished his harangue, a man stepped to his side and identified himself as a representative of a company specializing in tracing lost stockholders.

"You're the nephew of Horace McCarthy, aren't you?" the newcomer inquired.

"That no-good capitalist," the speaker hissed. "I disowned him as a relative years ago."

"Mr. McCarthy's name," the other continued, ignoring the remark, "showed up some time ago on a list of missing shareholders. His stock was worth $12,000. We traced him and found he had died. You're his closest living relative. The money belongs to you. I represent a company that has been trying for some time to locate you."

The listener's truculent manner changed immediately. As soon as the legal details could be attended to, he eagerly accepted the money. Several months later, when the company checked his whereabouts, he was living in an expensive uptown apartment.

This incident, except for the identity of the man referred to here as McCarthy, is a true story. The money the wild-eyed soapbox orator received was part of a multimillion-dollar cache of unclaimed stocks, bonds and dividends which the nation's corporations would gladly pay out if the missing owners could only be found.

In many instances, the lost shareholders have died, leaving large sums of unpaid stock or cash dividends to accumulate in the vaults of America's business firms. In numerous other cases, persons who purchased securities many years ago or inherited them from relatives have stored them away in attics or bureau drawers because they mistakenly believed they were worthless. An official of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company stated his organization has even encountered stockholders who failed to cash dividends simply because they preferred to hoard the checks.

Although it is impossible to estimate how much money is tied up or "frozen" in this manner, the total must be tremendous, Daniel M. Eisenberg, president of the Tracers Company of America, recently told The American Weekly.

Illustrated by NORMON MINGO

The Capitalist-Hating Orator Joyfully Forgot His Pet Peeve as He Pictured Himself Transformed by the Pleasures His Uncle's Shares Would Bring.

The corporations listed here are among the largest in the United States. By continued effort, they have reduced the number of lost stockholders on their books to a very small percentage of the total. Nonetheless, some remain. This number, while not large in individual cases, is significant when it is realized there are 18,000 leading corporations in the United States and Canada.

Name of Company	Total Stockholders	Missing Stockholders
American Telephone and Telegraph	750,000	600
United States Steel	228,000	75
Socony Vacuum Oil	146,000	317
Anaconda Copper Co.	123,000	500-600
Sinclair Oil	100,000	350

While it is likewise impossible to estimate accurately the number of people who have unclaimed wealth waiting for them, the figure, he said, is surely well above a million.

In a recent survey conducted by Eisenberg's firm, 68 per cent of the families contacted admitted they owned securities which they either did not know the value of or considered worthless. Of this group, 41 per cent said the investments had been handed down from one generation to another as far back as 1860.

"Out of the 3,600 securities turned over to us for research," Eisenberg said, "we found that more than 12 per cent had a current value."

The sums recovered in such cases, while often not large, sometimes reach very sizeable proportions.

One wealthy man, whose fortune had been wiped out by the depression, later discovered that two securities he had thought valueless were worth thousands of dollars.

After he lost his money, the man went to Florida and took up life as a beachcomber. On the walls of the shack he used as a home he pasted some of his supposedly defunct certificates as a reminder of happier days. When told that two of them were worth $36,000, he sawed the boards on which they were pasted out of the wall and carried the bizarre bundle to New York.

Another man who had bought stock before the depression and subsequently decided it was worthless, tossed the certificates among a pile of rubbish in his attic. Recently he was informed that the securities had a value of $7,000, if they could be found. After a frantic search, the investments were uncovered. But the owner's joy was somewhat tempered when he learned that six months earlier the same stock would have been worth $14,000.

An impoverished widow, carrying a packet of oil certificates inherited from her father more than 35 years ago, recently walked into the Pittsburgh office of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, New York brokerage firm, and asked if the securities were worth anything.

Clerks first told her they had never even heard of the company. Then a further investigation was undertaken. While she waited, the woman confided she had been forced to borrow 30 cents for carfare to reach the investment house. But she did not need it for her return trip home. Her stock, it was finally discovered, was worth $60,000 at current market prices.

One lost stockholder who has been missing for more than ten years has $11,000 waiting for him if and when he can be found. Unfortunately, however, the money will probably do him very little good. He is listed on police records as a holdup man.

Coming in 1949
JOAN OF ARC
starring INGRID
BERGMAN
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Advance Premiere Engagement starts Thursday, November 11, 1948
Victoria Theatre, Broadway at 46th Street, New York

Nausicaa's ROMANTIC DREAM

By John U. Sturdevant

NAUSICAA was a Princess with a future—that is to say, she was young and still unmarried. Also she was as good as she was beautiful and sufficiently unconscious of her exalted station in life to be just a little careless. For example, she was apt to let her laundry accumulate.

One night while she was asleep, a goddess appeared and spoke to her sharply about her washing, but not sharply enough to wake the girl. She reminded her that while there were no immediate suitors in sight, her wedding day might not be far off and she would be needing some clean clothes.

This was the most promising dream Nausicaa had ever had and early next morning she gathered her linen together and with a group of her handmaidens went to the river in a cart her father, the King, had thoughtfully provided. They also took some food and wine.

When they had finished their chores they took the clothing to the seashore to spread it out to dry on the clean white pebbles of the beach. Then they bathed and had lunch.

In the early afternoon they decided to play games. One of the girls had a ball and they tossed it back and forth until the girl, whose turn it was to catch, missed and the ball dropped in the sea and was carried away. They all shouted at the same time, awaking Ulysses who was sleeping on a bed of leaves near by.

The Ball-Playing Princess Thought She Had Discovered Her Prince Charming—See Willy Pogany's Cover Painting

To Everyone's Astonishment, Ulysses Seized the Heavy Weight and Threw It Farther Than the Youths Had Done.

He raised himself up to see what was going on when the girls spied him and in their alarm ran off and hid.

Only Princess Nausicaa stood still.

"Help me," begged Ulysses. "My ship was wrecked in a storm and I have been cast up on these shores."

"Stranger," said Nausicaa, "I will see that you lack for nothing." And made good her offer by giving him some of her newly washed robes, which he needed, and some food and wine.

"Follow us back to town," she continued. "But a little way before we reach my father's palace stand aside so that we may get there before you. Give me a few minutes' time. Then enter the palace and throw yourself at my mother's feet. Compassion is her specialty."

Ulysses did as he was told. After beseeching the Queen for aid, he removed himself to a corner of the fireplace and sat where the ashes were piled. He did not reveal his identity, lest the protocol of receiving such a mighty king and general as himself put his hosts to too much trouble.

Nausicaa's father, a great though sometimes reluctant party-giver, promptly ordered a feast for the stranger, promising more of the same for the following day.

The Queen, thinking of the garments she must provide, looked closely at those Ulysses wore and found she herself had woven them. She drew him aside.

"If, as you say, you were shipwrecked, how did you come by these garments?"

Ulysses explained how he had lost his own clothing, but the King overheard and blamed his daughter for not having brought him directly to the palace.

"Your Majesty," said Ulysses the wise, "do not blame your daughter. She has an understanding far beyond her years. She wished to make sure that no slander could be heaped upon the stranger she had befriended. She did not want our names linked by evil gossip."

The King then praised his daughter and Ulysses and promised Ulysses a ship to carry him to his homeland.

The King's son organized some sports and games to please the stranger and invited Ulysses to take part.

"Sorrow is nearer my heart than sports," said the wanderer. "I have been through some terrible times in these past few years."

"You look more like a stranded merchant to me," said an insolent youth named Euryalus, whereupon Ulysses took up a heavy weight and threw it further than anyone else. Amid the astonishment such a feat caused, he challenged anyone in the company. All were silent and none accepted the dare.

As Ulysses left, he saw Nausicaa standing by a pillar. She had never seen a man more splendid and she prayed that one day he might be her husband. In his new clothes he very much resembled the Prince Charming of her dreams. But all her romantic hopes were dashed when Ulysses told of the wife and son who had been waiting for him for nearly 18 years.

"Since I already have a wife," said Ulysses the diplomat, "I will instead make you my patron saint and daily offer praises to the one who saved my life."

He offered her more compliments in the same vein and we are led to believe he marked her in his mind as the future wife of his son, Telemachus.

* * *

Next week, the entertainment of Ulysses continues and he relates how the strange lotus-eaters tried to make him forget his homeland.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

With the Precious Sack Tied to Her Leg, the Brave Belgian Nun Crawled Away, Protected From the Searching Planes by the Smoke.

Little Sister OF THE PARATROOPERS

Her Heroic Defiance of the Gestapo During the War Brought Comfort and Freedom to Many Allied Soldiers

THE smoke from the burning farmhouse and outbuildings made her cough and it hurt her eyes but Sister Mary Chantal found herself praying that it would not lift. Under its cover she felt reasonably safe from German patrols and searching eyes peering from low flying planes.

Her progress was painfully slow, creeping and crawling towards the nearest clump of trees, several hundred yards from her starting point—the burning country home of the Order of Dames Hospitallers near Douvain, in stubborn Belgium.

There were times when she was tempted to stand up and run for it, but that meant abandoning the burden that she was too weak to carry. So she continued to drag the precious cargo, in a sack tied to her leg, and it bumped and jolted over the rough ground behind her until she found temporary shelter in the trees.

What was in the sack that prompted Sister Mary Chantal to risk her life to save its contents on that February day of 1944? Gold? Silver? Precious stones to be hidden from the enemy?

The heroic Belgian nun, 53 years old, revealed the secret the other day when she arrived in New York for a visit and a well-earned rest.

"In the sack at the time," she said, "was the most important thing I owned—my typewriter.

"All the hand grenades and the ammunition I had stored in the hayloft had exploded."

Sister Mary figured she was living on borrowed time that day; that her luck couldn't hold out forever, and it didn't. She kept on using her typewriter and a dilapidated automobile in which she served the Underground well, hiding messages under baskets of fruit and vegetables she transported across the country and as far as the Mediterranean.

But the new German weapon she had feared—the "truth serum"—proved her undoing. That is, the Germans claimed they had used only the drug in obtaining a confession from an Underground fighter picked up after the fire near Louvain.

A month later, the Gestapo arrested Sister Mary Chantal.

"They did not use the serum on me," the nun smiled wryly. "They used other methods. But they did not prove effective. I did not talk."

The "other methods," her friends declared, included kicking, punching and slow starvation. She was a prisoner in the concentration camp at Ravensbruck for 18 months, until American troops liberated her.

Her weight dropped from 160 to 62 pounds and recurrent headaches, resulting from punches, deprived her of sleep. There were days when she was unable to walk. Those were the days when, reverting to the creeping and crawling tactics of the infantryman, she visited various Nazi motor vehicles—and punctured the tires with a rusty nail she had found!

"It was to be expected of me," she explained. "As an old soldier. When the Germans first occupied my country, in 1914, I was 19 but of the Underground, the Resistance. I passed the paper Libre Belgique to the patriots — after dark."

The typewriter was one of the very few overlooked by the invading Nazis, she explained, and it had helped in providing freedom for hundreds of Belgians, British, and American fliers.

Thanks to it, and a supply of authentic German passport blanks she had found, Sister Mary had been able to forge traveling papers that enabled the bearers to reach the English Channel and, eventually, return to their fighting units.

Her facility with the typewriter and her ability as a nurse along the Underground route to freedom won her seven decorations.

In addition, she received a warm letter of commendation from Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, and the title, "Little Sister of the Paratroopers."

Ironically, she doesn't know the names of the American pilots and paratroopers she helped save from prisons and concentration camps.

"I would know them if I should see them," she said. "But, you see, I was afraid to ask their names at the time. The Nazis, we were told, had begun to use 'truth serum,' and I was afraid that I might be captured and, under the influence of the drug, give away secrets. So I did not ask; instead, I invented names for them to put on the passports and I took their pictures in the garden of the Order's home near Louvain."

Sister Mary was absent on one of her mysterious errands on Feb. 23, 1944, when the Germans, thinking the country home was full of armed allies, set it afire.

"When I heard the news the next day, I had to return to find out if my treasure chest was safe," Sister Mary said. "But my typewriter and the passport blanks were the only things left intact.

"When they came the second time, 25 years later, I was grown. I was able to fight better—I hope."

The Government of Belgium thought she had fought perfectly.

Among the decorations voted her was the Belgian Army Medal with crossed swords (for battle) and the torch (for intelligence).

And there was a letter from Gen. Eisenhower:

"The President of the United States of America has directed me to express to you the gratitude and appreciation of the American people for the gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers from the enemy."

Sister Mary looked up and smiled.

"It would be nice to answer it on my old typewriter," she said. "But that is impossible. The machine disappeared so completely not even the Gestapo could find it.

"Which is just as well—for me."

Illustrated by ROBERT BENNEY

The Duchess of Sutherland

Her *Inner-Self* glows through her *Lovely Face*

Wherever she goes—she brings loveliness with her—fun and joyousness and friendliness. You can *see* in her face what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

***Your* face is speaking for *you* to everyone who sees you. It is the *You* that others see first—it is the outgoing expression of *your* inner-self. Nothing about you has more lovely possibilities. And nothing responds more gratefully to your loving attention.**

The Duchess' complexion is glowing, clear and soft with perfect grooming

She uses Ponds'! "I don't know a better face cream in the world," the beautiful Duchess says

Pond's is used and beloved by more women than any other face cream. Get a *big* jar of Pond's—*today!*

YOU are responsible for what *your face* gives out to the world—its beauty, its friendliness, the way it reveals the Inner You to others. *Be exacting*, then, in the way you care for it. *Always at bedtime* (for day face cleansings, too) do this rewarding, "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—*lots* of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Look at your new face now! It feels transformed! So clean! So soft! So alive!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's literally works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's *not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. When your face looks lovely and beckoning and bright—it does *something special* and happy *to you* and to everyone who sees you. It brings the real You closer to others.

Letters to the Editor

STRAY copies of your magazine . . . have been placed on my desk from time to time by the office nurse . . . I have found it to be as valuable as some of the medical publications, and more entertaining than many of the magazines in my waiting room.

I placed several of my toxic-goitre cases on Propylthiouracid treatment after reading your article on it, and all are doing very well, indeed. Would you please send me a copy of your article on migraine headaches?

You hit the high spot in informative fact. **P. T. Daly, M.D., New York, N. Y.**

* * *

My son will be entering the University of Oregon this fall on a scholarship. In the past we have noticed that The American Weekly has run several articles on Atomic Energy. Since this is the subject he will major in—he wants to be a nuclear physicist—could you please send us copies of some of these articles? **Mrs. Chester C. Wilcox, Boring, Oregon.**

* * *

I have been reading The American Weekly for several years. I especially enjoy "My Faith," articles such as "I Was a Drug Addict," and the story of Kenneth Keyes, entitled "God Is My Partner."

Such articles are helpful to those who find themselves discouraged.

As for me, I give 1/10th of my income to God—just as does Kenneth Keyes—and God meets my every need. **Vernon Lloyd, Binghamton, N. Y.**

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Earl Carroll's Last Gamble

SOMETIMES life itself can hang on the twinkling edges of a flipped coin. That's how it was for Earl Carroll, one of America's most colorful showmen, the day he had a decision to make. Should he stay in Detroit for a business conference, or leave for New York on the next plane? True to his gambling nature, he flipped the coin. It came up New York—and when the plane crashed, it carried Earl Carroll to his death. Don't miss the dramatic story of "Earl Carroll's Last Gamble" in next week's American Weekly.

JIM MURRAY, JR., had advanced tuberculosis. He listened in shocked silence to the doctor's verdict: "Five years in bed." It was a bitter blow—but out of nowhere came the memory of a two year old American Weekly article, telling of the invention of a New York physician-scientist for use on tuberculosis patients. Less than a year later Jim Murray is now well back along the road to health. For the story of Jim Murray's victory read next week's issue.

the FLAKIER cracker ...all through the meal!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES

© 1948

"I Saw Her on the Ground and Jim Standing Over Her. He Had His Hand Raised As If to Strike Her," Wrote Mrs. Barton to a Friend About Her Disturbing Dream.

THE

By Peter Levins

VERY likely it was true what her husband suspected. Lizzie must have run off with that circus fellow. But why hadn't she taken the rest of her clothes?

That was what puzzled the neighbors in Lewiston, Me., after flirtatious Lizzie Lowell disappeared on a memorable Sunday in June, 1870—memorable because that was the day the Central Hall burned and the whole town turned out.

No one could blame Lizzie much for going away. She'd taken a lot from Jim Lowell, though not always without cause.

They'd been married three years — Lizzie's second experience.

In 1858, when she was 16, she'd married a John Nichols and had lived with him for five years in Eddington, near Bangor. Then John had deserted her for the allurements of California, and while there'd been no divorce, nobody criticized her when, in 1867, she married Lowell, a brawny but jealous Lewiston teamster one year her junior.

Lizzie threatened to leave him lots of times. But it wasn't until mid-May, 1870, that she packed up some things and went to work for, and live with, Mrs. Sophronia Blood on Hill Corporation.

Jim pleaded, shouted and even poked a pistol into her stomach. But she would not go back.

He then wrote her mother, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Burton, who lived in East Holden, near Dedham, "a few lines to let you no that lyzie has left me and afor what reason i dont no."

ON SATURDAY evening, June 11, Lizzie relented to the extent of accompanying him to the Great Australian Circus, then in Lewiston for an over-night stay. According to later reports, she made eyes at a certain circus man, and Jim grew appropriately angry. Even so, she enjoyed herself.

Came Sunday, and the fire.

It started at about noon, and within half an hour the flames reached three times the height of the Hall. Along with 'most everyone else, Lizzie was there, proudly exhibiting herself in a new black silk dress.

There, too, was that circus man.

That evening, Jim drove to the Blood home in a buggy. At about 6 o'clock, having finished her chores, Lizzie again got into her new dress and joined him.

Various persons saw them rolling along in the direction of the Androscoggin River, west of town.

Mrs. Blood locked up as usual at 10 o'clock, waited an hour for Lizzie, then went up to bed.

In the morning, Lizzie still being absent, Mrs. Blood was out sweeping her piazza when Lowell came along driving his team. She asked him where Lizzie was, and he replied that he'd left her at the door at 10 the previous night. Mrs. Blood exclaimed that he hadn't done any such thing.

"Yes, I did," he insisted. "I heard the clock striking 10. I suppose she went off with that circus fellow!"

The days passed. Lizzie's mother wrote Jim, but got no answer.

ON JULY 6, Lowell called at Mrs. Blood's and asked for his wife's clothes. She refused to give them up, pending word from Lizzie.

"Have you heard from her?" she inquired.

He replied that he'd heard she was "somewhere in Lawrence."

That afternoon he gathered up what belongings Lizzie had left in the College St. quarters, then drove to the home of a cousin, Cyrus Lowell,

Painted by JOSEPH BRENNAN

in Greene, a few miles north of Lewiston. Cyrus traded him a pair of boots and a silver watch for the various articles of apparel.

The bartering done, Jim sought out Francissa and Mary Smith, sisters of Cyrus' wife. He got 15-year-old Francissa to one side in the woodshed and asked if she'd marry him.

"I would not," she replied. "Where is your wife?"

"She has gone off with the circus," he said, "and if you will have me she will never come back to trouble us."

"I will not have a married man," Francissa stated. "If I cannot have a single one I will not have any at all."

Fifteen minutes later he led Mary into the woodshed, saying he had "something pretty for her." Then he showed her a gold chain which he'd found among Lizzie's effects.

"I will give you this chain if you will let me kiss you," he said, apparently still in a trading mood.

"I want neither," she told him.

ABOUT this time, Mrs. Blood found—not in her mail box but in her back yard—a note addressed to "Miss Blood" and signed, "Lizzie." The opening words were:

"Tell my Dear beloved husbun that he will never see me again I hav don wrong I have Lied a bout him he never used me bad but once I want you to see him and tell him I want you to giv him all of my clothes . . ."

In early August, Lizzie's sister, Georgia, also received a letter, saying, "i take the pen in hand to Let you no i am no ded i am in ded-hum." It closed with the words, "dont let aney wone no thet you have heard from me."

Presently Mrs. Burton wrote a letter to a friend in Lewiston named Mrs. Murrey, in which she described a dream she'd had one night in June, either the Sunday night Lizzie disappeared or soon afterward.

"It seemed as if I was in Lewiston, on a river road, and near some mills," she wrote. "I did not see any mills but something seemed to say, 'There are mills here.' As I was on this road, all at once I saw a wagon ahead and I said to myself, 'There is Jim and Lizzie.'

"I wondered why they were out there together. I seemed to keep along behind them up the road, with the river on one side, and all woods, when Jim turned off the river road into a by-road—into a pasture as it seemed to me—sort of a pasture road. Then I lost sight of them, when they disappeared in a thicket of pines.

"Then I saw her on the ground and Jim standing over her. She was pleading for her life. I heard her say, 'Oh, don't murder me!'

"She was holding up her arm. Then her arm dropped down by her side. She sank down. He had his hand raised as if to strike her. I tried to get to them, but a thick fog seemed between us. I could see the pines waving over her. They were not large pines, but thick, and she seemed to be lying on siding [sloping] ground.

"I was greatly frightened by my dream—and it did not seem like a dream. I had been to bed but a little while, and the moon was bright in the room. I did not tell my dream the next morning. I said I had a bad dream, and that I would not tell it then, for the saying was: 'Dream Sunday night and tell it Monday morning it will surely come to pass.'

"I told it after a while and I could not keep it out of my mind. Nights, when the wind blows, it wakes me up, and I think it is the sound of the pines over Lizzie . . ."

EARLY that September she received another letter from her son-in-law. It read:

"Dear muther i thought i would rite you a few Lines to Let you no that i am well and hope these few Lines will find you the Same i had a Leter from Lizza She wanted to nowe if i would Live with her again i dont think will anybody done as She has i rote to her yesterday and told her not to rite to me again the Cars was gust going out of the depot wehn i got there i am going away to work So good By."

Mrs. Burton replied that if he had any feeling of mercy toward her he would tell her where Lizzie was. But he did not tell her.

Lowell soon moved to Lawrence, Mass., married a girl of that community, and continued his trucking operations.

* * *

On the morning of Oct. 15, 1873, John N. Small of Lewiston was hauling timber in a piece of woods he'd bought on the outskirts of town, just above Switzerland Rd.

He had driven his cart along a rough wagon trail which wound through a dense growth of pine. He was pulling a sturdy log out of some underbrush when he noticed something on the needle-matted forest floor. He saw, as he put it later, "little spots in two straight lines."

He bent closer—and discovered that the spots were buttons.

Now he saw cloth between the buttons.

Then he saw a human skeleton.

A skeleton without a skull.

Soon City Marshal H. H. Richardson arrived at the secluded spot, followed by Coroner Ham Brooks. The latter conducted a brief, inconclusive inquest, his jury being picked from the crowd that had gathered, then the headless skeleton was removed to the imposing, mansard-roofed City building and placed in a cell.

"They've found Lizzie Lowell!" sped the word from mouth to mouth.

HOWEVER, the material evidence of this was scant—all they had were the skeleton, the shoes, the dress, the buttons, a corset spring, and the hoop from a skirt.

"We will proceed," stated County Attorney George Wing, "on the assumption that we have found Lizzie Lowell—and that she was murdered."

Two days later, on the 17th, E. D. Wiggin, a police officer of Lewiston, arrived in Lawrence, and soon found Lowell driving behind his team.

"Mornin', Jim," Wiggin greeted.

"Mornin'."

"Could I see you for a minute?"

"Sure, said Lowell.

Officer Wiggin handed him a clipping from the Boston Journal, giving a brief account of the discovery in Lewiston.

"Jim, what do you know about this?" he asked.

Lowell replied that he didn't know anything.

"What became of the head?"

"I don't know."

Wiggin regarded him stonily. "Jim Lowell, where is your wife?"

"Up to the house."

"Where is your first wife?"

Lowell replied that he had not seen Lizzie since the Sunday after the circus, and that he'd supposed she ran off with the troupe.

"What kind of dress did she have on?" Wiggin next asked.

"As I recall, it was a light spotted dress."

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure, yes."

"Did she have a black silk dress?"

Lowell nodded. "I bought it for her."

"Jim, have you heard from Lizzie since that Sunday you took her driving out by Switzerland Rd.?"

"Yes. Once a fellow told me he saw her in New York."

He could not give the man's name, nor any further specific information.

"You know what I have to do now, don't you, Jim?" said Wiggin.

"What?"

"I have to arrest you for murder."

THE next morning, October, 1888, the Lewiston Journal published the letter Sarah Burton had written Mrs. Murrey some 38 months previously.

No one associated with the case doubted that this letter had been written at a time when the fate and whereabouts of Lizzie were completely unknown. Therefore, it was generally regarded in the community as evidence of one of the most remarkable dreams anybody ever heard of.

Lowell arrived back in Lewiston that afternoon with City Marshal Richardson. When he saw a large crowd gathered at the depot, he exclaimed:

"What's all this about?"

Richardson answered that he didn't know.

"Humph!" the prisoner grunted. "Most likely it's a circus and I'm the elephant!"

The crowd gave no trouble, and soon Jim was safely in a cell adjoining the one where the skeleton reposed.

Two days later Richardson came in with Mrs. Burton. Jim did not look up as the officer, exhibiting a portion of the black silk dress, asked, "Jim, did you ever see this dress before?"

Lowell muttered that he hadn't.

"That is Lizzie's dress," Mrs. Burton cried.

"You're wrong. Lizzie's dress had fringe on it, and this has lace."

"You don't know what's on this dress!" exclaimed the city marshal. "You haven't even looked at it!"

Now all this impressed the inhabitants of Androscoggin County as fairly conclusive evidence. From the very beginning, Lowell's behavior had indicated consciousnes of guilt.

But he had not yet admitted anything. It remained for the state to prove its charge.

His trial opened on Feb. 10, 1874, before Judge Charles W. Walton, with Attorney General H. M. Plaisted and County Attorney Wing handling the prosecution, and Attorneys Eben F. Pillsbury and M. T. Ludden the defense.

As the skull of the alleged victim had never been found, the state had to tackle some difficult problems. It had to prove, at least to the satisfaction of the jury:

That the skeleton was that of Lizzie Lowell.

That she had been murdered.

That the defendant had done it.

According to the prosecution's medical experts, the bones were those of Lizzie's approximate age and height. Also, they had been exposed to the elements for about the length of time that she had been missing.

IT WAS brought out in this testimony that the bones of the neck were not scarred, as they would probably have been had the head been chopped off by one not skilled in anatomy.

The defense seized upon this to advance the theory that the head had become more or less separated from the rest of the body during the process of disintegration, and then been picked up and carried away by some animal.

Why, the defense asked, would the killer—supposing this had been a homicide—bother to remove and dispose of the head, and leave such more readily removable objects as the dress and shoes?

In connection with these articles, the state was able to show rather conclusively that Lizzie when last seen had been wearing the garments found on the skeleton.

For instance, there were the buttonholes.

The buttonholes of the skeleton's dress had been cut round the size of the buttons, then whipped around the edges, instead of in the usual manner. Witnesses testified that Lizzie invariably made buttonholes that way.

The allegation that the defendant had written the Lizzie letters was also well established.

But what of those other questions the defense averred the state must prove—

What was the proof of murder?

How had it been done?

The jury decided, on the night of Feb. 19, that if the state hadn't proved everything it had proved enough. Their verdict: guilty of murder.

Lowell's lawyers made various moves, then, on May 6, he was sentenced to be hanged in the state prison at Thomaston.

"I'm not through with them—yet," he assured his guards.

He wasn't, either.

As his time neared, he finally came through with a "confession." It wasn't, however, a confession of murder.

He said that while driving up Switzerland Rd. that Sunday evening he and Lizzie "set to quarreling." He got good and mad, he said, and "fetched her a whack."

At that moment, he went on, the horse reared up and Lizzie was thrown over the seat "and her neck was broke."

DISCOVERING that she was dead, he said he became terrified that he would be accused of murder, and so he had hidden the body in the woods.

What became of the head, he didn't know.

How much of this was true, no one, of course, could say. But the higher authorities decided that the evidence did not call for the death penalty (since abolished in Maine). Accordingly, at the expiration of the one year required by law, the sentence was commuted to life.

Twenty-five years later, largely through the efforts of the former prosecutor, Judge George Wing, Lowell was granted a pardon by Governor Powers.

Judge Wing remarked at the time that if Lowell had told the truth at his trial "he could never have been convicted of a greater crime than manslaughter."

The people of Lewiston have always wondered what, precisely, might have been "the truth" of this case of the headless skeleton.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

CASE OF THE *Mother-in-Law's Nightmare*

A Mother Dreamed of Her Daughter's Final Struggle, but Was It Murder That Destroyed the Ardent Young Wife?

First Again with Tobacco Men!

More independent experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next 2 leading brands combined!

An impartial poll covering all the Southern tobacco markets reveals the smoking preference of the men who really know tobacco — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. More of these independent experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands *combined*.

So, for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke

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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

Raised to Rob

THE girl standing in front of the judge bore little resemblance to the drab prisoners usually in the dock. Pretty, neatly dressed, she looked more like a well-groomed stenographer than what she was—a housebreaker.

"Is this your first offense?" asked the judge. "Have you ever robbed before?"

Slowly she nodded her head. "Yes, I have," she said. "I've been stealing all my life."

The Young Woman Surprised the Judge by Confessing That She Had Been a Thief Since Childhood.

The judge looked startled. "But your parents—didn't they suspect that you were?"

"Suspect?" She smiled wryly. "My father taught me how. He made me do it. He gave me candy when I brought in a good haul—and beat me when I didn't."

The sordid story of 25-year-old Jane Hamilton's childhood and subsequent life was revealed only a few weeks ago when she was brought before the Winchester Quarter Sessions in England on a charge of breaking into two houses in Bournemouth and stealing clothing and other articles valued at $2,000.

BROUGHT up in an atmosphere of crime and lawlessness from the moment of her birth—her father was a small-time crook who had served many prison sentences, according to Mr. Ingram Poole, her counsel—Jane knew nothing of the principles of citizenship and honesty that most children are taught. Instead, she learned that the law was something to evade and break, that fair play was a game for suckers. Her father started schooling her in the art of housebreaking and thievery when she was 11, emphasizing his teaching with a heavy leather strap.

In jail and out again—that seemed a normal life to Jane. Her father had been in jail when she was born. During the war, when she was a sergeant in the ATS, he was serving a five-year term of penal servitude. She herself was in jail when her own child—now 18 months old—was born. That she had been, otherwise, a good and conscientious mother was brought out in the testimony by Mr. Poole, even though at the same time she was carrying on her criminal life during the night hours when the child was sleeping.

"THE burden of guilt is not so much with this young woman as with her father," said the judge. "However, in spite of the cause, she must pay for her crimes against society." Jane was sentenced to three years of penal servitude.

"I don't want my child brought up the way I was," Jane told the court after hearing her sentence. "I don't ever want to steal again—but if I don't, how can I provide for her? I don't know anything else."

Mr. Poole has promised to help her find a job when she gets out, but whether Jane can ever completely forget the training of her Fagin-father, only time can tell.

Puzzling Bustles

MANY a male pocketbook has cried out in anguish at the speed with which his wife has been converting to the "New Look" in fashions. But Ralph Bonholtzer, who runs a weight-guessing concession at Detroit's Eastwood Park, has his own reason for disliking the new feminine styles.

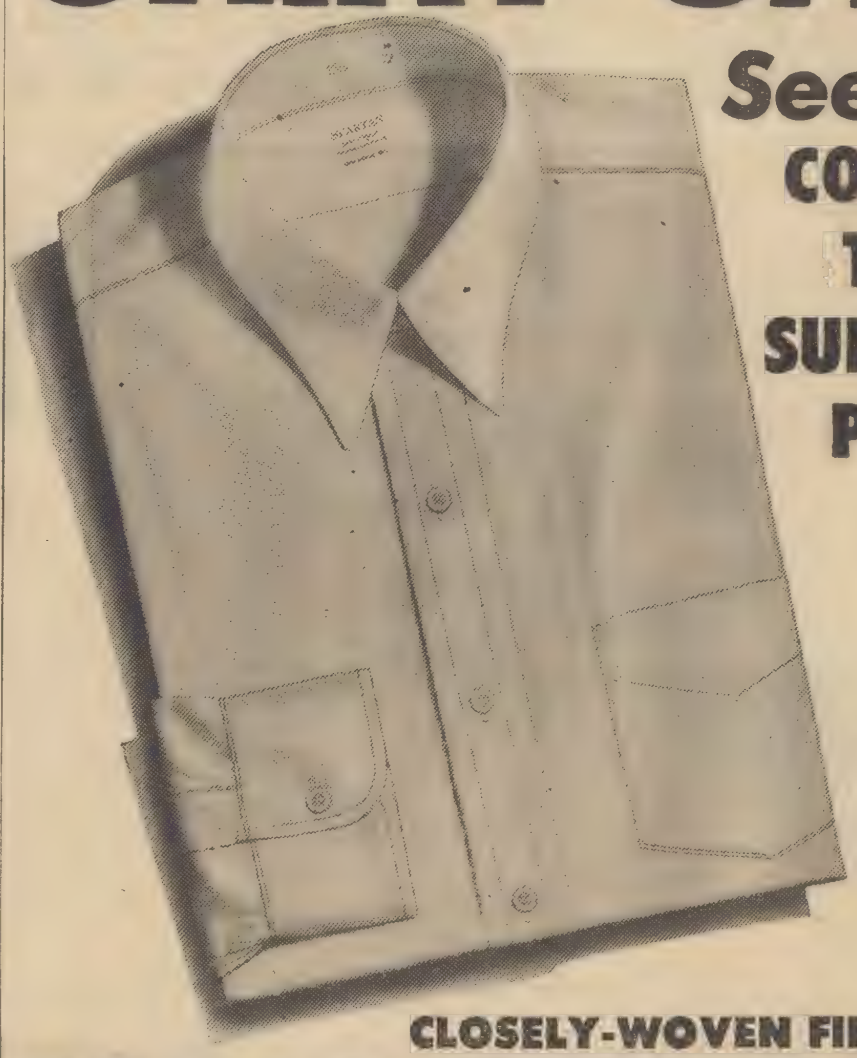
Under the professional name of "Dr. Cooney," Bonholtzer has been guessing your weight within two pounds, or your age within two years, or else you get your pick of the prizes on his rack. But the bustles, the long skirts and the flowing blouses are giving him a very stylish headache.

The big questions are two. What does a bustle weigh, and how much of what's under all that camouflage is really Milady, and how much is just padding? Even with the help of his wife, Ida, Bonholtzer admits he's stumped, and the prizes keep right on disappearing from the shelves.

SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS

SENSATIONAL AUTUMN

SHIRT SALE



See . . .

COMPARE THESE SUPER-LOW PRICES!

• WHITE • SOLID COLORS • STRIPES •

CLOSELY-WOVEN FINE QUALITY

BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

6 for only $10.00 (You Save $4.94 Extra)

3 for $6.00 [YOU SAVE $1.47 EXTRA] — less than 3 — $2.49 Ea.

Breathtaking Value! Sensational Savings! Here's the Lowest Price in years—on superb-quality broadcloth shirts—6 for only $10.00 (or 3 for $6.00—less than 3—$2.49 each.) Choice of white, solid colors and colored stripes in closely-woven, high lustre, fine-count broadcloth of smooth, Sanforized, mercerized cotton for long-lasting, money-saving wear—plus master-tailoring for perfect fit, comfort and smart good looks. Fitted, contour collar can be worn starched or soft. Double shoulder yoke—box pleat front—full cut, two-pleat back—gathered sleeves and single button cuffs—long tails that stay tucked in—double sewn seams throughout for extra strength—tailored breast pocket. The shirt buy of a lifetime—stock up now! Use coupon below and rush your order TODAY!

Shirts May Be Ordered in Any Assortment of Sizes and Colors At Sale Prices Listed in This Announcement.

EXTRA LARGE SIZES

Hard to find extra large size white Broadcloth Shirts—same fine quality — same long wear features. An amazing value!

6 for $15.00

3 for $8.00 • less than 3 $2.98 ea.

SIZES FOR ALL SHIRTS DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

REGULAR SIZES (White Only)	EXTRA LARGE SIZES
NECK SIZES: 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17	NECK SIZES: (White Only) 17½, 18, 18½, 19
SLEEVE SIZES: 32, 33, 34, 35	Sleeve Lengths: 33, 34, 35

COLORS: Solid Blue or Green. STRIPES in Blue, Green or Tan Available Only in Sizes Listed Below. State Size, Color.

Neck Sizes	14	14½	15	17
Sleeve Lengths	32, 33, 34, 35	33, 34, 35	32, 33, 34, 35	33, 34

Prices Good Only Thru December 24, 1948

Amazing Cotton Values! CATALOG FREE!

Whether you order shirts from this announcement or not—check and mail the coupon TODAY for the new South Carolina Mills Catalog! See LOW, MONEY-SAVING values in shirts, underwear, dresses, pajamas, children's wear, towels, prints and fabrics, sheets and many other practical cotton items. Easy to order . . . everything guaranteed to satisfy. Check and mail the Coupon for your FREE Catalog today.

Nothing Takes the Place of Cotton

USE THIS COUPON • ORDER TODAY!

SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS, Dept. 79, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Please send me shirts as ordered below:

☐ Please send new Catalog. ☐ Payment enclosed. Ship Postage Paid. ☐ Please ship C.O.D.

KIND	Quantity	Color	Neck Size	Sleeve Length	AMOUNT
White		X			
Colors					
Stripes					
				TOTAL	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WE PAY THE POSTAGE WHEN YOU SEND PAYMENT WITH ORDER

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY PROMPTLY REFUNDED!

Hurry! Hurry! Use the "soap of the year!" Win the "car of the year!"

SUPER SUDS OFFERS 24 NEW FORDS!

1548 OTHER BIG PRIZES IN NEW SUPER SUDS JINGLE CONTEST

24 CHANCES TO WIN A NEW 1949 FORD CUSTOM SEDAN

4 FORDS GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK FOR 6 WEEKS!

ALL THESE PRIZES EVERY WEEK!
4 FORDS—1949 Custom V-8 Fordor or Tudor Sedans
8 General Electric Automatic Rotary Ironers
100 General Electric Hand Irons
150 Prizes of a Year's Supply of the New Super Suds with Pyray

OPENING AND CLOSING DATES:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
1st contest	Sun., Oct. 10, 1948	Sat., Oct. 16, 1948
2d contest	Sun., Oct. 17, 1948	Sat., Oct. 23, 1948
3d contest	Sun., Oct. 24, 1948	Sat., Oct. 30, 1948
4th contest	Sun., Oct. 31, 1948	Sat., Nov. 6, 1948
5th contest	Sun., Nov. 7, 1948	Sat., Nov. 13, 1948
6th contest	Sun., Nov. 14, 1948	Sat., Nov. 20, 1948

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER THE NEW SUPER SUDS JINGLE CONTEST!

1. Write a last line for the Super Suds jingle shown below.
2. Mail entries to: Super Suds Contest, P.O. Box 53, New York 8, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish, but accompany each with a top from any size package of Super Suds. Print your name and address clearly and the name and address of the dealer from whom you buy Super Suds. Use one side of plain paper or entry blanks available at dealers.
3. Contest is confined to residents of continental United States.
4. Official rules which govern this contest may be had on entry blanks available from dealers selling Super Suds . . . but you have in this advertisement all pertinent information to enter the contests.

These facts help you win!

Better than sunshine! Yes—rain or shine . . . whether you hang your wash in the basement or outside . . . New Super Suds with Pyray, the wonder-ingredient, is better—yes, actually amazingly better than sunshine to get your wash dazzling white, radiantly bright!

You'll be amazed the first time you use new Super Suds! You'll see your white clothes come out whiter than new, washable colors bright as day! Even dingy, yellowed clothes come out incredibly whiter—newer-looking! Because now those famous extra suds from Super Suds are power-packed with new Pyray, the wonder-ingredient!

That's not all! Wash 'em once, wash 'em twice, wash 'em three times — your clothes keep getting whiter and brighter! Use hard or soft water . . . dry your clothes indoors or out! New Super Suds is safe . . . easy on colors and hands! Truly the "Soap of the Year!" Get a package of new Super Suds with Pyray today! It's in the same familiar blue box. See if you don't get dozens of good ideas for this big Super Suds Jingle Contest!

WIN THIS FORD!

Finish this jingle:

New Super Suds contains Pyray—
Better than sunshine any day!
Gets wash white and colors bright!

_____

(Just fill in this line)

(Such as: "I sing its praises morn to night!" Use your own words!)

PRINCIPAL WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER IN "THE AMERICAN WEEKLY"

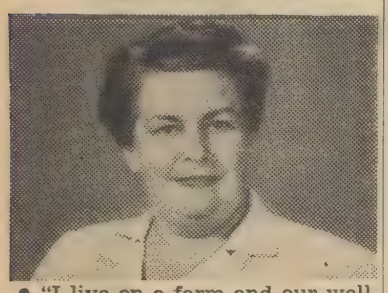
BABY CLOTHES NO PROBLEM TO SMART MOTHER

• "Baby's clothes and diapers have to be washed rain or shine," writes Mrs. Homer B. Gangwer of Rochester, Ind. "And Blu-White Flakes get them just as *dazzling* white when they're dried indoors as when they dry in the sun."

NURSE TELLS SECRET OF WHITER WASHES

• "Uniform caps and white stockings have to come out right the very first time," says Mrs. Edna L. Johnson of Flushing, N. Y. "So Blu-White is a blessing. It doesn't streak or spot and never over-blues. My caps and stockings get so *dazzling* white it's a real pleasure to wear them."

FINDS WAY TO MAKE CLOTHES DAZZLING



• "I live on a farm and our well water is yellow with iron," writes Mrs. Paul Jambor of Solon, Ohio. "I've tried many kinds of bluing but it is Blu-White Flakes that make clothes *dazzling* white. And without that extra bluing rinse, too, because Blu-White blues and washes at the same time."

Why Over 5 Million Women in Just 2 Years Changed From Cube and Liquid Bluing to BLU-WHITE

• The country over, millions of women have changed to amazing Blu-White Flakes. For Blu-White works with your regular soap. Blues and washes at the same time. No extra bluing rinse! White things come out *dazzling* white . . . washable colors *sparkle*. And Blu-White doesn't streak or spot—never over-blues! Get Blu-White. It's just the right combination! A special formula of bluing and pure, mild soap flakes.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Science vs. the Bugs

THE development of DDT and similar preparations has proved to be most helpful in the prevention of diseases whose germs are carried by certain insects.

But there is a need for new insecticides to kill the various bugs that spread infection and destroy plants and clothes and other property. One reason for continuing the search for new weapons in this field is that no one chemical compound is always 100 per cent effective against any particular pest.

Nine Out of Every 10 Houseflies Sprayed With DDT Died, But the Tenth Resisted the Poison.

THIS was shown by three government scientists, A. W. Lindquist, H. G. Wilson and J. P. Gahan in a unique experiment. Thousands of common houseflies were sprayed with DDT. Nine out of every 10 died, but one survived; and these survivors were collected in a cage and allowed to breed. Their descendants were all resistant to DDT.

Thus the very campaigns to clean up flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs, lice, cockroaches and fleas, all carriers of specific diseases to humans and animals, may result in the selective breeding of insects which cannot be destroyed by a special type of poison.

However, these new, resistant breeds would succumb to other insecticides. Another objective is to have potent repellents, which the pests avoid.

Both types of substances must be as harmless to men and animals as possible.

Dr. E. F. Knipling, chief of the division of insects, U. S. Bureau of Entomology, has given a list of outstanding insecticides, both of established potency and of great promise, now in the experimental stage.

Benzene hexachloride (BHC) is nine times as effective against flies, and three times as effective against mosquitoes, as DDT. Chlorodane is especially effective against cockroaches, ants, chiggers and lice, as is Chlorinated Camphene, though it works more slowly than Chlorodane or DDT.

Methoxychlor ethane and TDE are chemical cousins of DDT. Piperonyl butoxide, according to researches by W. E. Dove, is harmless to man, yet potent against flies and mosquitoes and other pests, and so it is suitable for kitchen use, food processing and on crops. Methoxychlor, too, does not enter milk and other foodstuffs as readily as some of the other bug-destroyers.

OUTSTANDING among chemicals which were tested on soldiers' clothings and bodies during the war, are these: Benzyl benzoate, Indalone, the Navy's NMR---448, Dimethyl phthalate, Benzene hexachloride gamma, Dibutyl phthalate and Sorbital laureate.

Experiments at the U.S. Department of Agriculture laboratories, in Orlando, Florida, have shown that Benzene hexachloride and new Benzil compounds retain insect repelling power through many washings of the treated clothes.—**G. B. L.**

Embarrassing Moments

SOME years ago, I was invited as guest speaker to a luncheon meeting of a local business man's club. As the meal neared its end, the chairman introduced me. I bowed to the meeting, and gales of laughter sounded. I looked down, and to my dismay, discovered that in bowing, I had dunked the tip of my tie into my cup of coffee. It was dripping wet! **Leonard K., New York, N. Y.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "My Most Embarrassing Moment." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Embarrassing Moments," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y.

Does 3 jobs fast to relieve that BACKACHE

Back plasters are the one product made for 3-way relief of muscular backache:

(1) The plaster stirs up circulation, brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. (2) It straps twitching muscles—cuts down those jabs of pain. (3) The protective pad guards against chilling.

Tests by doctors show that Johnson's BACK PLASTER helps nearly 9 out of 10 sufferers. It's made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical products for 61 years. At all drug stores.

SENSATIONAL OFFER

7 STRAND SIMULATED PEARL NECKLACE

SPECIAL! $1.29 plus excise tax

3 NECKLACES for $3.50

• • • • • • •

New and different Pearlized Beads—Chain Strung—No string to break. *Guaranteed unbreakable.*

• • • • • • •

If this is not the greatest value you ever received your money promptly refunded, if returned within 10 days.

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Prepaid if check or Money Order included with order. Add excise tax. Or order C.O.D. and pay postman on arrival plus postage charges.

Limit 3 to a customer!

RULE SALES CO. Dept. 2510
303 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

If You Are Looking for Meals That Will Please Everybody, Try Amy Alden's Recipes on the Household Almanac Page.

"DO's" from Decorators on kitchen beauty

1. **DO** decorate a white (or cream) kitchen with gay Royledge Shelving in merry reds, greens, blues . . . *for sparkling contrast.*

2. **DO** paint kitchen walls light yellow, green or blue and use Royledge Shelving in deeper shades of same colors . . . *for lovely color harmony.*

3. **DO** "refresh" your kitchen's good looks regularly (only a penny a day to change patterns monthly!) DO see the glorious new doubl-edge Royledge designs *now* at 5 & 10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

Royledge

Shelving Paper and Edging all-in-one

9 ft. 8¢

Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why I think the Flagship Way is the Finest Way to EUROPE!

"I get seasick by boat—but traveling by American Airlines is a pleasure—it's so smooth and comfortable. I've crossed the Atlantic by every means—including dirigible—but I'll never go any other way than by Flagship again."
Kurtis Reed, *Textile Export Guild*

"It was so clean . . . the stewardess was so sweet . . . and the trip saved so much time to do other things! There was no chance to be bored. It's the only way for me!"
Sarah Hollywood, *Housewife*

"American's strict adherence to schedule is an indication of its superior all-around service. I travel to Europe on short notice, and I must be prompt for business appointments. That's why I prefer the Flagship way."
Dr. H. W. Grote, *Petroleum Executive*

BIG FARE REDUCTION: ⅔ off on return ticket! Effective October 1, round-trip fares on American Airlines will be only 1⅓ times the price of a one-way ticket! Save $163.30 on round trip from New York to London, for example. It's *less expensive*, in many cases, than first-class surface travel.

1. American provides 15 round-trip flights weekly to Europe.
2. Flagships serve 11 cities in Europe. Direct connections to all other important European points.
3. Return trips arranged before departure.
4. Guest meals and cocktails. No tipping, no extras!
5. Travel the airline with the experience of more than 17,000 transatlantic flights.

Consult your Travel Agent or any American Airlines office

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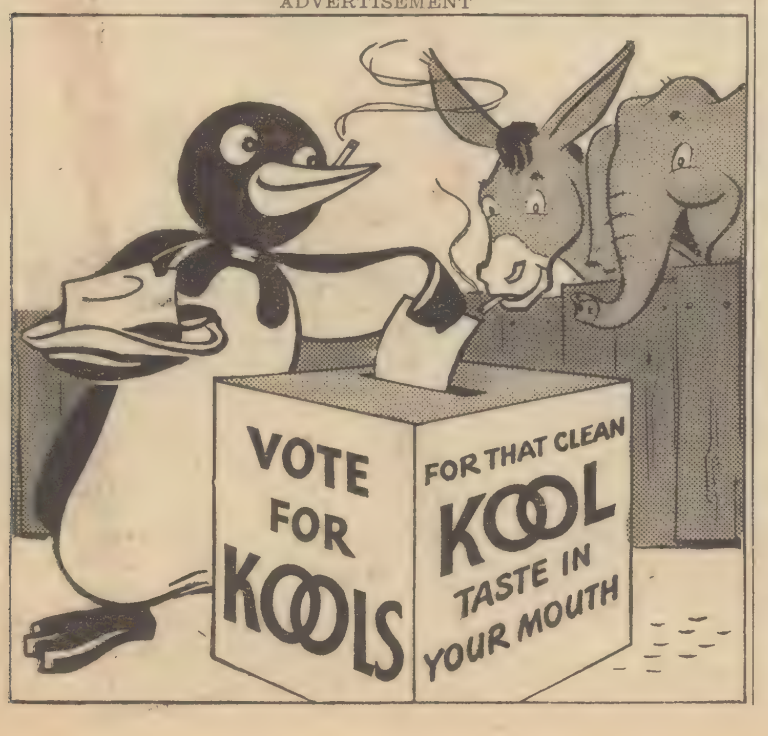


Teen-Age Tempest

How to Beat Boredom

By URSULA TROW

NOTHING to do? Bored with life? That's what **Jack Miller** of Maricopa, Calif. (Pop. 700), complained of in a recent column. We gather from the mail that he is not the only bored teen-ager in the country — but there are many boys and girls who have solved this problem for themselves. Here is how some of them did it.

One Boy Got Enthusiastic About a Garden and Made Many New Friends Who Like to Make Things Grow.

Margo Rothens of Lorain, Ohio, says she joined clubs at school. In winter they'd go skating and in summer they'd get up softball games, take bicycle trips, play croquet or badminton. Besides that Margo has a job working for her father.

S. J. Wilson of North Hollywood, Calif., suggests that a country boy like Jack could build some hutches and raise rabbits or chickens. Both hobbies can be profitable.

R. J. Denne of Chicago reminds Jack and all like him that there are all kinds of books and magazines on hobbies.

Robert Doepping of Lomita, Calif., thinks Jack might be interested in his hobby, raising racing pigeons. Other hobbies suggested were ham radio and model airplane building.

Ruby Hoover, 18, of Brackenridge, Pa., says she has 22 pen pals all over the world to whom she writes. Not only does she get their very interesting letters but she collects the stamps.

Glen Maulden of Auburn, Wash., and **Robert W. Cleaves** of Miama, Fla., say Jack has no business complaining about the dullness of the church club in his community, for apparently he did nothing to liven up the club's activities.

"There must be people in Maricopa interested in music," writes **Caroline Swartzbeck**, 15, of Sharon, Pa. If Jack would learn to play an instrument, she says, "he might get up an orchestra, organize dances and other affairs for the townspeople."

Lynne Roskelly of Westlake, Ohio, lives a mile and a quarter from the nearest bus stop but that does not make life boring for her or her friends. She says they make regular parties of picking berries, they all pitch in and buy a badminton or croquet set. In winter they skate, rehearse their carols for Christmas Eve. They have parties for Valentine's Day and Hallowe'en. "It is not hard to make your own fun," she says.

T. Hugh Gilman of Waterville, Me., says a flower garden cured his boredom. He spent a lot of time weeding, dusting and spraying his garden and made several new friends who also were interested in flowers.

Phoebe Raymond, 14, of East Aurora, N. Y., suggests that Jack and several of his friends fix up a shack for a canteen. They could earn money for this by cutting grass, running errands, baby sitting, etc.

Duane Hamilton of Shelton, Conn., says there's plenty of fun to be found outside of movies, clubs and dances. He lives in a town of 300, started a model boat collection, is a second-class Scout, has a small garden and belongs to the 4-H Club.

If some of you bored teeners use these suggestions to escape from the doldrums, tell us how you did it. Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Smart Misfit

MARY EILEEN ANDERSON of San Diego, Calif., has a social problem on her hands just because she's a good student. She skipped a couple of grades and finds herself a high school senior at the age of 15. Her mother lets her go to parties but won't permit Mary to have dates with boys until she's 16.

What, Mary wants to know, can a girl do in a predicament like this? Her classmates look upon her as a "kid" and her folks insist that she "act her age."

Mary says she sometimes feels that she should not have skipped grades because her rapid progress made her something of a social misfit.

If any of you have faced this problem or have any advice for Mary, write to the Teen-Age Editor.

Bright Children

ONE day last summer, I took my daughter to the zoo for the first time.

Finally we got around to the outside yard where the elephants roam during the warm weather. Bonnie stared in bewilderment for several seconds, and then pointed with glee:

"Look, Mother, the elephant has two tails—one at each end!" **Mrs. Russell Anderson, Middletown, N.J.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "Bright Children." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Bright Children," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall St. Station, New York 5, N. Y.

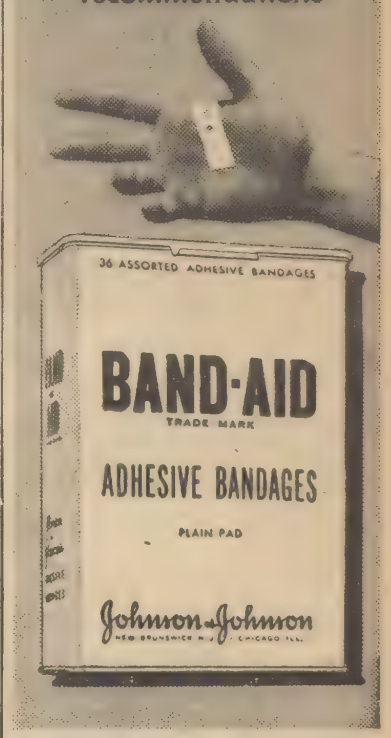
Never neglect a blister

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

Always use BAND-AID,* the adhesive bandage that *always* comes to you individually wrapped, 100% sterile.

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID. And remember, only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.

6 to 1 choice in doctors' recommendations



*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

When used as needed by Blonde or Brunette will help keep your skin as pretty as your skin can be. For nearly 40 years **Mercolized Wax Cream** has been sold all over the world and each year the sales increase. This proves that those who use **Mercolized Wax Cream** are satisfied. Try it and be convinced. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

The Maytag Chieftain, America's finest low-priced washer. A genuine Maytag in every respect. A truly sensational value! $124.95*

Think of it! A Maytag for $124.95*!

MAYBE YOU'VE had the idea Maytags are 'way up in price, because of their fine reputation.

Really they're not! The Chieftain, shown above, costs little more than the very lowest-priced washer on the market!

The Maytag Company makes so many washers that it can keep prices down. Did you know that well over five million Maytags have been sold? That's far more than any other make.

There's no reason why you can't have that Maytag you've always wanted. Make low monthly payments while Maytag brightens your washdays with its many advantages. You'll like the extra-fast, extra-clean washing performance you get from Maytag's famous Gyrafoam action.

And the way clothes dry so much faster—because so much water is taken out by the exclusive Maytag Roller Water Remover. Yes, and the wonderful dependability . . . the *complete* satisfaction that the name Maytag stands for.

Why wait! Your nearby Maytag dealer will give you a liberal allowance on your present washer. See him right away! The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.

*Recommended price, subject to change. Higher in Western and Southern states. Extra equipment available includes automatic discharge pump and gasoline engine.

ASK ANY Maytag OWNER

WASHERS • IRONERS • FREEZERS • DUTCH OVEN GAS RANGES

To Make Him Say:

Yours—*free*—a secret of brighter breakfasts—of warmly enjoyed dinners that begin contented evenings for you and your family! Discover how Quaker Corn Meal lends rich new flavor and special crispness to familiar dishes you thought *couldn't* be different! Get this idea-packed booklet of corn meal cookery for new, tested recipes — old favorites improved—add flavor surprises to breakfast, dinner and supper! Look in your own cookbook, too!

Surprising—How Thrifty!

Whether it's hot, crusty corn bread—golden-brown fried mush—or Indian pudding, whatever you make with Quaker Corn Meal costs less than 'most anything on your table. Buy a package of this "Spoil-Proof" Corn Meal that's always pure and fresh—at your grocer's in the "Stay-Fresh" package!

Get Your Free Copy!

For your copy of "Adventures in Corn Meal Cookery", send your name and address to the Quaker Oats Company, Dept. C, Chicago, Ill.

Quaker

Enriched Degerminated

CORN MEAL

Household Almanac —

Amy Alden

A Gentle Hand With the Dough Brings Delicious Results.

Breads by Request

HERE are just a few of the breads you have been asking for — French brioche, scones, English muffins, crumpets, crusty hard rolls—the thought of them served right from the oven makes the mouth water in happy anticipation. Perfect accompaniment for breakfast, or when you're entertaining at tea or bridge, these delicious breads are easy to make and take little time.

We warn you to keep the family out of kitchen when you take the breads from the oven. Otherwise a sample here and there will leave hardly enough to take to the table.

Scones

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. granulated sugar
- ¼ cup shortening
- 5 tbsps. light cream
- 2 eggs
- 4 tsps. granulated sugar
- Melted butter, or fortified margarine

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tsps. sugar. Cut shortening into this until mixture is the consistency of coarse corn meal. Add milk. Separate 1 egg; reserve 1 tbsp. of the white. Beat rest of this egg with other egg; add to flour mixture. Roll to ½" thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into 3" squares; then cut each square into 2 triangles. Arrange on a greased cookie sheet; brush top of each scone with some of the egg white, slightly beaten, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven of 450° F. for 10 min. Serve hot. Or the next day, split the scones with a knife; brush the cut sides with melted butter, and toast under the broiler until golden brown. Makes 20 split scones.

For scones, easier to handle but less tender, use 2½ cups sifted cake flour.

English Muffins

- 1 cup milk
- 3 tbsps. shortening
- 1½ tsps. salt
- 2 tsps. granulated sugar
- 1 pkg. granular yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4½ cups sifted flour
- ½ cup white corn meal

Scald milk, add shortening, salt, and sugar, and mix until shortening is melted. Sprinkle yeast on lukewarm water; let stand 5 min.; beat smooth. When milk mixture is lukewarm add yeast mixture, egg and 2 cups of the flour. Beat until thoroughly combined, then stir in remaining flour. Knead on a floured board until dough is elastic. Place in a greased bowl, cover with a clean towel and let rise until double in bulk in a warm place (80° - 85° F.) —about 1½ hrs. Punch down and roll dough out on a floured board to ¼" thickness. Cut with a 3½" cookie cutter, and place on a cookie sheet which has been sprinkled with some of the corn meal. Cover with waxed paper, set in a warm place (80° - 85° F.), and let rise until double in bulk — about 45 min. Sprinkle tops with additional corn meal. Bake over very low top-stove heat on an ungreased griddle about 7 min. on each side, or until lightly browned. Makes 20 3½" muffins. To toast: Split or pull apart with a fork and spread cut sides with butter or margarine and place under broiler.

Crumpets

- ⅔ cup hot mashed potatoes
- 3¾ cups lukewarm water
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- 1 pkg. granular yeast
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 5½ cups all-purpose flour

Combine potato and 3¾ cups water. Sprinkle yeast on ¼ cup lukewarm water; let stand 5 min.; beat smooth add to potato and water combined. Add salt and ½ the flour; beat with egg beater until smooth. Beat in remaining flour with spoon. Cover, and let stand in warm place (80° to 85° F.) for ½ hr. Then beat with a wooden spoon. Cover, and repeat rising and beating process 3 more times. Half fill 3½" greased muffin rings, which have been set on a lightly greased griddle heated over medium heat. Cook 20 min. or until tops are dry and sides shrink from rings. Cool, butter unbrowned side; toast under broiler. Makes about 18.

French Brioche

- ¼ cup milk
- 1 pkg. granular yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 cups plus 6 tbsps. sifted flour
- ⅓ cup softened butter, or fortified margarine
- 1 whole egg
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ tsp. lemon flavoring

Scald milk and cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast on lukewarm water; let stand 5 min. Stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, and 1 cup of the flour; beat until smooth. Beat in the butter. Add egg and egg yolks, one at a time, beating with a spoon thoroughly after each addition. Add remaining flour and the flavoring, and beat 5 min. with a spoon. Brush dough with salad oil; cover with a clean towel, and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 1½ hrs. Chill, covered, in refrigerator for at least 12 hrs. Then form 20 balls and place in 3" greased muffin pans. Cover and let rise until double in bulk in a warm place, about 45 min. Bake in oven of 375° F. for 15 min. Makes 20.

Crusty Hard Rolls

- 1 pkg. granular yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- ⅓ cup milk
- ⅓ cup hot water
- 1 tsp. shortening
- ½ tsp. granulated sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2½ cups sifted flour
- 1 egg white, slightly beaten

Sprinkle yeast on lukewarm water; let soften 5 min.; stir up. Heat milk with hot water; add shortening, sugar and salt; stir in yeast. Stir in 1 cup flour, and beat smooth with spoon. Add remaining flour, and beat smooth. Toss onto floured board and knead into smooth ball. Place in greased bowl; brush with salad oil, and cover. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk—about 45 min. Form into long roll about 1" in diameter; let rise until double in bulk—about 25 min. With scissors cut off rolls 3" long. Place on greased baking sheet; snip 2 small gashes on top of each; brush with egg white combined with ¼ cup cold water. Bake in hot oven, 425° F. 30 min., brushing twice with egg white during baking. Makes 10 hard rolls.

For good meals, try the four continental recipe charts. Instructions on how to get them and other good recipes, together with some new charts, will be found in the chart list on this page.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Enclose a three-cent stamp for EACH chart desired plus a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS to Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- □ (115) Vitamin, Protein Chart (wall size)
- □ (116) Vitamin, Protein Chart (purse size)
- □ (117) Alcoholic Calories (wall size)
- □ (119) Sandwiches to Make Your Party Different
- □ (124) Glamourous Company Desserts
- □ (126) Reliable Frostings and Fillings
- □ (122) Quickie Recipes From Your Pressure Pan
- □ (14) Fat Burning Diet
- □ (114) Calorie List (purse size)
- □ (118) Calorie List (wall size
- □ (103) Good Italian Recipes
- □ (104) Savory Cheese Recipes
- □ (109) Favorite Bread Recipes
- □ (110) Delicious Almanac Rolls
- □ (111) Delicious Donuts, Crullers
- □ (112) Favorite Chinese Recipes
- □ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- □ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- □ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- □ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- □ (120) Slimming & Filling Salads
- □ (121) The Cookies You Want
- □ (123) Party Cakes Fancy-Plain
- □ (125) Tastier Than Ever Pies
- □ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- □ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- □ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- □ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- □ (113) Uses of Herbs
- □ (61) Famous Recipes
- □ (63) Candy Recipes
- □ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- □ (70) Casserole Recipes
- □ (105) Continental Recipes—A
- □ (106) Continental Recipes—B
- □ (107) Continental Recipes—C
- □ (108) Continental Recipes—D
- □ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- □ (74) Foreign Recipes
- □ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- □ (101) Lunchbox Fillers

This will fetch him

(Bake him a fresh apple pie like this)

Fresh apples are now plentiful. So are pie appetites. Can you think of any surer way to please your man than to bake him a pie like this . . .

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October 30 through
November 6
Make it Apple Pie Week
for your man

Easy, quick with the new

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exclusive "Equa-Therm" . . . toast

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just as you like it every time . . .

without preheating, toasts slice after slice exactly alike

color selector . . . instant finger-tip release . . . hinged crumb tray

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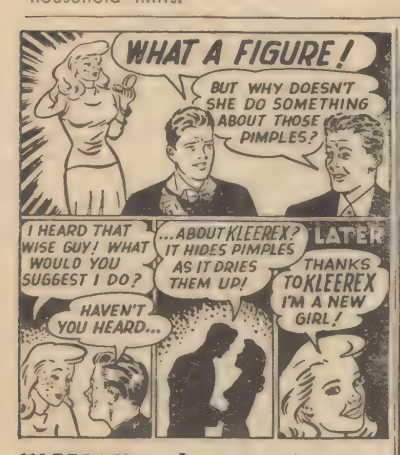
Sold at leading department, hardware, jewelry and other stores selling fine electrical appliances.

In every issue Doris Denison tells her millions of readers about the many new ways to make their homes more beautiful, with many practical household hints.



KLEEREX makes pimples *DISAPPEAR INSTANTLY

Amazing Kleerex covers up* ugly pimples, blackheads, as it dries them—*often overnight!* Soothes soreness; relieves itching. *Double your money back if it fails.* Ask for **KLEEREX** at all druggists. 49c

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TUMS 10c

FOR THE TUMMY 3 rolls, 25c

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

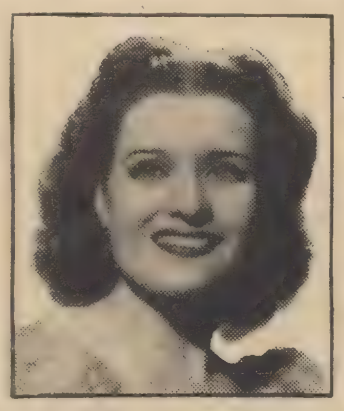
The Epicure

STUFFED CABBAGE

By NAN MERRIMAN

WHEN I was a little girl, I was an ice cream soda addict. Not just a plain chocolate or a plain vanilla ice cream soda would do for me. I wanted a bit of both, so I would order a black-and-white—chocolate flavor with vanilla cream. My mother used to say that I was a good one to feed left-overs to, because I liked combinations of different foods.

I've kept that fondness for combining different foods, though I no longer restrict myself to ice cream concoctions. Now I like to combine many other kinds of foods and one of the best ways to do this is to prepare stuffed dishes. Here is one of my favorites which very nicely blends cabbage, ham and sausage.



Nan Merriman, Mezzo-Soprano, Star of Concert, Radio, and Records, Has Appeared in New York Recently With Various Major Symphony Orchestras. She Is an Avid Antique Brass Collector.

Stuffed Cabbage

- 1 medium large white cabbage
- 1 doz. small sausages
- ½ cup buttered bread crumbs
- 1 small piece of ham
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine
- 1 small onion
- ½ clove garlic
- Parsley
- 2 8-oz. cans of tomato sauce

Cut out core of cabbage, place in boiling water to cover, and boil for 10 minutes. Drain and remove leaves carefully. Mince the sausage with the ham, onion, garlic, and parsley, and combine with the bread crumbs. Fry the combination for a few minutes in the butter. Open up the cabbage leaves, place some of the stuffing in each leaf and roll each one up tightly. Place the rolls in a buttered baking dish and bake at 400° F. for 30 minutes uncovered. Then add half the tomato sauce and cover. Bake at 325° F for the remaining hour and one-half.

Just before removing from the oven, cover with additional tomato sauce for added piquant flavor.

Needle Fun

3790—Whip up a smart casual to complete your Winter wardrobe! It has a fitted bodice and a wonderful whirl skirt—just one seam. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric. Initial transfer included.

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RICHER FLAVOR

RICHER TASTE

V-8 BRAND Tomato Catsup

Sally Young's Helps for Beauty Appear in This and Every Issue.

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Kills dandruff germs, removes dandruff scales, allays itching. Also makes hair brighter, easier to comb, keeps it in place!*

Lucky Tiger kills *on contact* the germ, *pityrosporum ovale**, that many authorities believe a cause of infectious dandruff. Removes loose dandruff, relieves itching *quickly*. Also conditions your hair—gives added lustre, keeps it in place better—without that greasy look! Get Lucky Tiger Regular—or Lucky Tiger with Oil, if hair is extra dry.

LUCKY TIGER

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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*You can check this statement in your public library. Read what leading beauty authorities and dermatologists say about the care of your hair.

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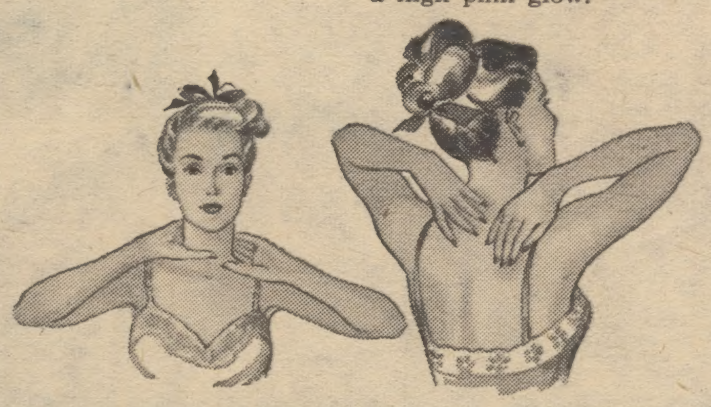
EXERCISES *to keep Fit*

By Sally Young

GOOD for calf and thigh measurements is this one. Sit on the floor, weight on hands, which are behind the body. Pull knees to chest, feet on floor near buttocks, turning toes up toward knees and slide right leg on floor with a slap. Repeat exercise with left leg as you pull right leg to chest. Repeat 50 times.

DOES your tummy and waistline need slimming down? You can do it with massage. Bend slightly forward and pull your tummy in tight, as hard as you possibly can. Is there any fat left hanging loosely on the surface? Well, that's what you work on. First, pick up as much fat as you possibly can between the palm of your right hand and the fingers. Squeeze it! Lift it! Wring it! Now, take the fatty tissue right in front of that spot with your left hand. Again, squeeze it! Lift it! Now take that piece of tissue in your right hand and proceed with a kneading motion across the tummy, around the waist and up under the left arm. Keep repeating this back and forth until the tissues have a high pink glow.



NECK and the chinline fleshy? Here's a routine to help beautify your throat. Tuck your hair up out of the way and off your face and neck. Then, using both hands, apply cream and work from the chest upward to the chin itself. Encircling your neck with your hands, "bracelet" the cream up toward the chin and use gentle but firm motions. For the back of the neck, which is in the family, too, use both hands. Beginning in the center at the hairline, glide down, using firm pressure at the base of the neck, then swing out on shoulder and complete the circle by gliding up on each side of the neck. Do this about three times.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You
- ☐ (13) Home Town Sweater Girl
- ☐ (15) Home Body Massage
- ☐ (114) Calorie List

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America's QUALITY Mascara

TO make sure that your mascara is the *best,* simply make sure that it is Winx! Winx *creamy* or *cake* mascara, eyebrow pencil and eye shadow, are the *finest* that can be made! Winx means *beautiful* eyes! 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at toilet goods counters everywhere. Park & Tilford, N. Y., Distributors.

Have you read Amy Alden's Bread Recipes that appear on the Household Almanac page in this issue?

When Your Children have COUGHS ...DUE TO COLDS

GIVE THEM GOOD-TASTING SCOTT'S EMULSION

Helps build stamina—helps build resistance to colds, if youngsters don't get enough natural A&D Vitamins! Scott's is a high energy FOOD TONIC—a "gold mine" of *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Easy to take. Many doctors recommend it! Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic — it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

STOP– *loosening your skin!*

MAKE THIS TEST!

You will be shocked to find out how loose *your* skin really is!

DO THIS! Sit before your mirror. Do exactly as the girl is doing in the picture above. If folds of skin roll up under your eyes, you have loose skin! This loose skin may easily wrinkle too soon causing you to look much older than you really are!

Millions are actually loosening delicate skin tissues around their eyes in the very act of creaming their skins.

But this old way of skin care is rapidly being discarded. Well informed women are adopting modern skin care that ends destructive rubbing.

My Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting.** No more need for rubbing at all. Think what this means!

When you use my cream that requires no rubbing, you are **not** loosening your skin—you are **not** deepening fine lines! In short, you stop helping your skin to grow loose and older looking. You help to preserve the tone, elasticity and smoothness your skin naturally possesses.

Clearer Skin, Too, The First Day

What's more, I can promise you a clearer skin the first day you stop rubbing dirt-laden cream back into tiny skin crevices and into pore mouths.

Here's why. The cleansing ingredient in Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting**—it has the power to surround each tiny particle of stale make-up and grime and *separate* it from the skin. It literally lifts dirt away from your skin! No destructive rubbing is necessary—just smooth it on and tissue it off!

What to Expect

Your first trial will convince you that my 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting** (no more rubbing) and that it makes your skin far cleaner than before, without rubbing.

So get any size jar—even the smallest size is ample to prove that you don't have to rub your skin any more to clean it.

And remember, this one cream does 4 things for your skin. Besides self-acting cleansing—it smooths!—it aids the natural pore-refining process!—and it makes a perfect powder base!

Lady Esther

Coffee Time

Like a fine book—fine coffee is a good companion . . . ever ready to brighten a quiet interlude in the day with its friendly stimulation, its mellow good cheer. And because Maxwell House is America's favorite, coffee time is Maxwell House time wherever you go. Painted by Robert Philipp.

Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much real enjoyment to our daily living, Maxwell House is America's favorite, of ALL brands of coffee, at ANY price! North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene.

Throughout this nation of coffee lovers **MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

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St. Joseph Aspirin is so fast-acting, so dependable. It's as pure as money can buy. 12 tablets 10c, 100 tablets 45c. Why pay more or accept less than the quality this name guarantees. Buy—

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VITAL NEWS FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Now science shows *why* Sloan's in many cases gives such amazing relief from rheumatic aches, neuralgia, stiff neck and sore muscles. Using infra-red rays, scientists have photographed the blood vessels below the skin-surface. These photos show the expanded veins after an application of Sloan's . . . evidence that an *extra supply of vitalizing blood*, which carries away waste matter and poisons, has been brought to the pain area.

Scientists have also proved that this beneficial action penetrates deep down below the surface and *lasts for hours*. You not only *feel* the wonderful warmth and welcome comfort, you also *know* that the all-important increased flow of blood is getting at the spot where the pain is.

Use Sloan's Liniment or new Sloan's Balm *regularly*. Ask for "the greatest name in pain-relieving liniments"—

SLOAN'S LINIMENT or BALM

Drawings above made by physician, based on infra-red photos.

PAIN
of headache, neuritis and neuralgia
RELIEVED
incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—
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Here's why...

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.

CUTICURA 7 DAYS = NEW SKIN BEAUTY

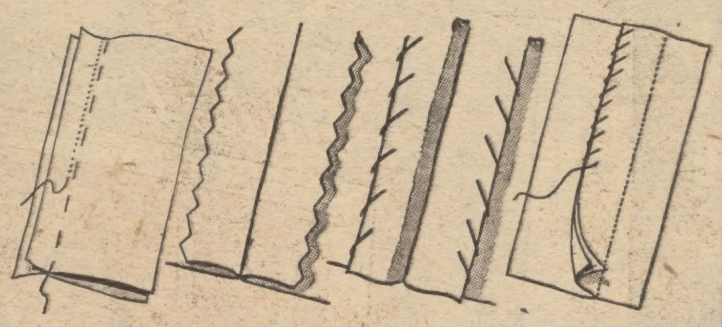
Lather-massage with Cuticura Soap, then apply Cuticura Ointment; see new complexion loveliness! Medicated—not cosmetic. FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-240 Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Sew! A FINE SEAM

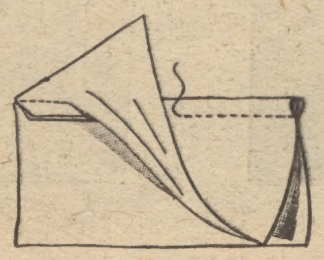
By Doris Denison

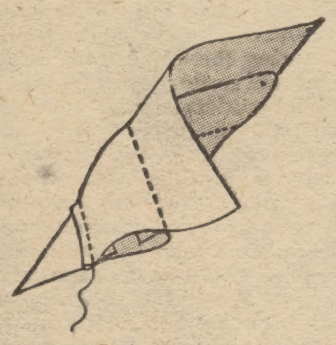
IF YOU want to build up your repertoire of basic sewing skills, learn how to make several kinds of seams well and then use them where best suited. Always see that both pieces of material are smooth and even before you baste. When you become experienced, you need not always baste first, but can place pins across the seamline and stitch right over them.



Plain Seam: Place right sides of material together and baste in a straight line. Stitch just above the bastings, working from the top of seam to the bottom. Press the seam to one side or press it open so that it lies flat. The edges can be left unfinished on firm material or they can be pinked, or overcast. Pinking is done by cutting notches with scisssors, with pinking shears, or with the pinking attachment of the sewing machine. If your material has a tendency to fray, overcast seams in either of the two ways shown.

French Seam: This is a strong seam and it also encloses all raw edges. Place wrong sides of material together and make a plain seam. Trim the edges close to the stitching. Turn inside out and stitch again about ¼ inch below seam line.





Flat Fell Seam: This is a durable seam which is used for clothes which will receive rough or constant wear and frequent launderings. Place wrong sides together and stitch a plain seam. Trim one of the edges ⅛ inch from stitching and turn the other edge under ⅛ inch. Stitch this edge down flat.

Corded Seam: Where a cording or piping trim is desired, place the cording in position on the right side of one of the pieces of fabric. Baste. Place the right side of the second piece next to this, keeping edges of material even. Stitch close to the cord, using the basting stitches as a guide.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
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SILK • WOOL • LINEN
AND ALL MIXTURES
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END PAIN INSTANTLY!

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Quick relief with MENTHOLATUM

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BOTH FREE

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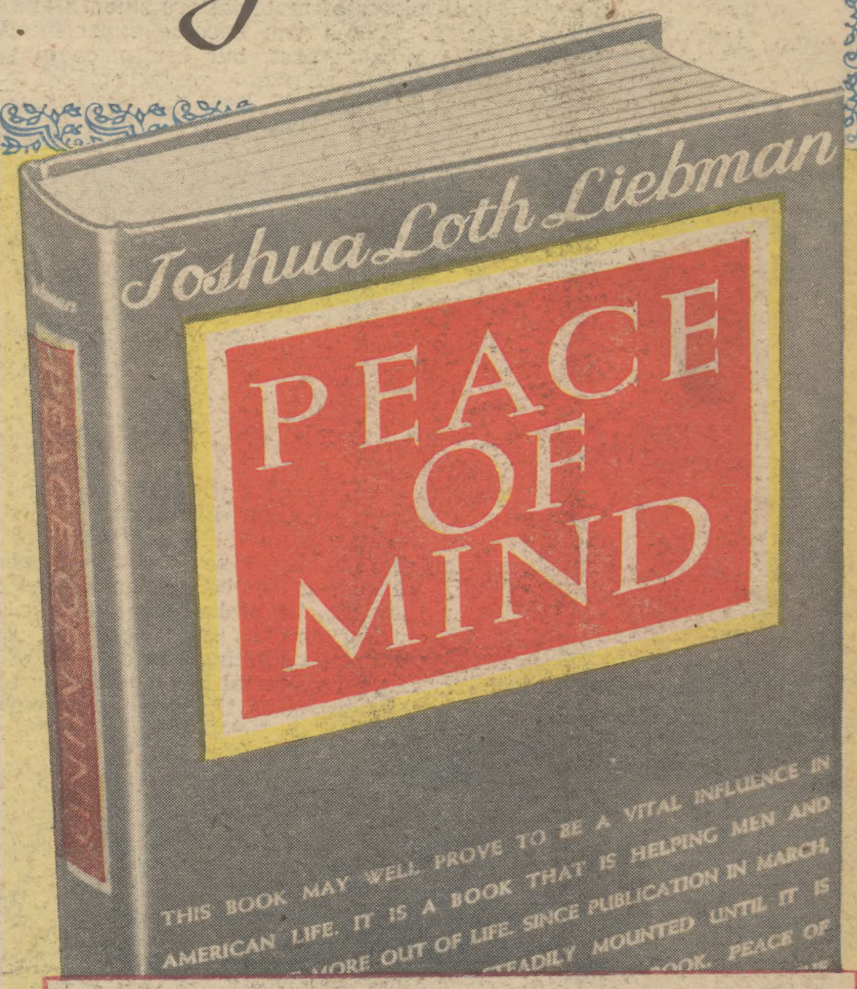

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